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LETTERS FROM THE ÆGEAN.

BY JAMES EMERSON, ESQ.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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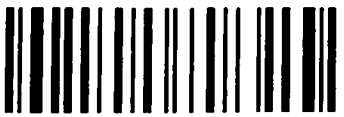

THE REV. JOHN O. OLDFIELD, A.B. &c.

ARCHDEACON OF ELPHIN,

RECTOR OF ARDCARN, &c.

AND

CHAPLAIN TO THE LORD BISHOP OF ELPHIN,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF EARLY FRIENDSHIP,

THESE VOLUMES ARE DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

London, Lincoln's Inn,
Dec. 1828.

PREFACE.

IN the publication of the following pages, I am to be looked upon in the light of an Editor rather than an Author; since, though their composition is my own, I am indebted to some of my friends for a portion of the matter which they contain. In a former work,* to which I was a contributor, I had endeavoured to convey an idea of the situation of Greece and the Islands, at an interesting period of

* A Picture of Greece in 1825, as exhibited in the narratives of James Emerson, Esq., Count Pecchio, and W. H. Humphreys, Esq., 2 vols.

their present struggle for liberty. Lately, however, on coming to look over my notes, I found that I had still remaining many characteristic sketches of manners and scenery, which, though perhaps amusing in themselves, were properly omitted in a work, whose object was less picturesque than political, and whose details were confined almost exclusively to the Morea and Roumeli. These I employed some leisure hours in collecting into their present form, and a portion of them has already appeared in the pages of the New Monthly Magazine, under the title of "Letters from the Levant." Here the share of attention which they have attracted has been highly gratifying; and amongst other flattering tributes which they have received, I cannot avoid particularizing a very beautiful translation of a portion of them into Spanish, by Don Pablos de Mendibil. At the suggestion of Mr. Colburn, I have now completed the series; and although the information contained in the letters

was collected at various periods, and during several excursions on the shores of the Ægean and the isles of the Archipelago, I have preferred uniting them in one connected narrative; taking advantage occasionally of the remarks of those who have visited the Levant before me, and inserting the suggestions of my travelling companions; as well as availing myself of their journals to supply me with descriptions of those points which had not come under my own observation. For this permission, I have to acknowledge my obligations to J. J. Scoles, Esq., whose name I have already mentioned in the body of the work; to R. J. Tennent, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, and Belfast, Ireland, and to my late esteemed and unfortunate friend Edward H. Thomson, Esq., of London, who, in the too eager pursuit of knowledge, fell an early victim to the climate of the Levant.

As to those portions of the narratives introduced in the letters to which I was not myself

an eye-witness, I have had them from authority on which I could depend, and my own observation has fully served to corroborate the reports of others.

J. EMERSON.

Lincoln's Inn,
Dec. 1, 1828.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

LETTER I.

SUNIUM—THE CYCLADES—SCIO, &c. &c.

Temple of Minerva Sunias at Cape Colonna.—Singular effects of the Sirocco Wind.—Temple of Sunium, splendidly situated.—Sunset in Greece.—Comparative impressions of Dawn and Sunset at Sea.—Zea.—Cythnos.—A Sabbath at Sea.—The Island of Syra.—Greek Merchant and Family.—Destruction of a Turkish Corvette.—Political condition of the Syriots.—A Greek Dessert.—Straits of Scio.—Sciot Refugee.—Town of Scio.—Massacre on the Island, in 1823.—Story of Phrosine Kalerdji . . . . . 1—27

LETTER II.

SMYRNA.

The Bay of Smyrna.—Shipping.—Fruit.—View of the City.—Crowd on the Beach.—The British Consul.—

Bond-street, &c.—Fruit-market.—Bazaars.—Populace. — Turkish honesty.— Paras. — Armenians. — Arrival of W—— and his Friend.—Singular story of the former.— Evening Party.—Greek Ballad, "The Mother of the Kleft."—Death of W——.—Imposition of the Officers of the Harbour.—A Fire.—Funeral of W—— 28—62

LETTER III.

THE SMYRNIOTS.

Smyrna scarcely done justice to by European Travellers.—Its remains of Antiquity.—River Meles.—Modern Town.—Important change going on in the Bay.— Singular effect of the Rivers of Asia Minor, on the tracts through which they pass.—Dr. Chandler's Theory of the Hermus.—A Greek Family of Smyrna—their House, Story of Young Lallaho.—The Greek Girls.—Castle of Smyrna.—View from the Castle Hill.—Turkish Burying-ground.—Different treatment of Females by the Greeks and Moslems.—Traits of character in the Modern Greeks.—Ancient zone referred to in the New Testament.—Personal appearance of the Turks.—Damascus Sabres.—Inscription on the Cymetar of Kontoghianni the Kleft.—Fragment of a Greek Song, "The Dream of Demos."—Turkish Mosques at Smyrna.—Identity of the Pillar-tower of Ireland, and the Muezzin-towers of the East.—Form of Turkish worship.—Hour of Prayer in Scriptures.—Turkish cleanliness.—Climate of Smyrna.—The Inbat.—The Cascino.—Evenings at Smyrna.—Oriental custom of sitting at the Door alluded

to in Scripture.—Turkish Toleration.—Hostility of the Latin Church to the Ikonoclasts. — Excursion in the Bay. — Death of Young Lallaho . 63—107

LETTER IV.

EPHESUS.

Departure from Smyrna.—Our Equipage.—Tumulus of Andremon.—Sedicus.—Sacred fountain of St. John.—Scenery.—Terenda.—Turkish Coffee-house.—Introduction of Coffee into Europe.—Manner of preparing it in the Levant.—A Karavan Serai.—Mahometanism.—Tourbali.—Turkish Fanatics.—Signs of the Destruction of the World.—Road to Ayasalook.—Ayasalook.—Cave of the Seven Sleepers.—Castle.—Mosque.—Sarcophagus.—Ephesus.—Stadium.—Theatre.—A Shepherd. — Temple of Diana.—Solitude of the Scene.—Verses from Quevedo . . . 108—142

LETTER V.

LAODICEA.

Character of the general Scenery of Asia Minor.—Pygela. — Skala Nuova. — Sirocco wind — Illustrated from the Bible.—Gipsies.—Meander.—Inek-Bazaar, the ancient Magnesia ad Meandrum.—Sufferings from thirst.—Turkish Fountains similar to those in the Old Testament. — Guizel-hissar.—Scenery between Guizel-hissar and Sultan Hissar.—History of Spiro.—Asian meadow of Homer.—Greek bullets.—Denizli.—Our Greek host.—

Situation of Females in Turkey.—Influence of Climate on the situation of Women in Society.—Laodicea—Singular fulfilment of the Scriptural denunciations against.—A Storm . . . . 143—181

LETTER VI.

PHILADELPHIA, SARDIS, &c.

Ruins of Hierapolis.—Petrified Cliffs.—A Renegade.—An Earthquake.—Scenery.—Turcomans—Their Identity with the tribes of Kedar in the Old Testament.—History of Philadelphia—Description of her situation and remains.—Wall of Petrified Reeds.—River Cogamus.—Interior of a Greek Church.—Road to Sardis.—Tartar Keuy.—Kara Osman Oglou.—Sardis.—A Caravan.—Temple of Cybele.—Greek Cookery.—Adventure at the Pactolus.—Barrows of Halyattys and Gyges.—Pergamus and Thiatyra.—Remarkable fulfilment of the prophecies in the Revelations concerning Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamus, Thiatyra, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea.—The Golden Sands of the Pactolus.—Turgutli.—Want of wheel carriages a main cause of the filthiness of Turkish towns.—Magnesia ad Sipylum.—Amurath the Second.—Magnets on the Mountain.—Return to Smyrna. . . . . 182—227

LETTER VII.

PHOCŒA, PATMOS, SIMÈ, &c.

Affected exterior poverty of the Smyrniot Greeks.—Turkish love of Comfort.—Treatment of their Women.

—Beauty of Turkish Women.—Story of a Turkish Lady at Napoli di Romania.—Opinion of Dr. Clarke of Smyrna.—M. Fauvel, the former French Consul at Athens.—A Turkish Regiment.—Punishment for passing forged Money.—Fête on board the Cambrian.—Manufactory of base Money at Hydra and Spezzia (note.) —Diplomatic Phrases of a Consul.—An Emir . 228

LETTERS FROM THE ÆGEAN.

LETTER I.

Linquitur Eois longe spectabile proris
Sunion, unde vagi casurum in nomina ponti
Cressia decepit, falso ratis Ægea velo.
Statii Thebaïs, lib. xii. v. 625.

SUNIUM—THE CYCLADES—SCIO, &c. &c.

TEMPLE OF MINERVA SUNIAS AT CAPE COLONNA.—Singular effects of the Sirocco Wind.—Temple of Sunium, splendidly situated.—Sunset in Greece.—Comparative impressions of Dawn and Sunset at Sea.—ZEA.—CYTHNOS.—A Sabbath at Sea.—The Island of SYRA.—Greek Merchant and Family.—Destruction of a Turkish Corvette.—Political condition of the Syriots.—A Greek Dessert.—Straits of Scio.—Sciot Refugee.—TOWN OF SCIO.—Massacre on the Island, in 1823.—STORY OF PHROSINE KALERDJI.

THE sun was slowly sinking behind the range of Hymettus and the hills of Attica, as

we weighed anchor from Cape Colonna, and steered for the narrow strait between Zea and Cythnos. The morning we had passed in wandering through the groves of lentiscs and mastic, which cover the promontory of Sunium, and in lingering among the fast-fading remains of the temple of Minerva. Around the base of this majestic ruin, the *débris* of its fallen fragments have almost obliterated the outline of the platform on which it was erected on the verge of the cliff, and the overthrow of a number of its columns a short time previous to our visit, has not only added to the heap of decay, but must soon weaken the tottering foundation of the remainder.

The destructive effects of the Sirocco wind were here most singularly displayed: the sides of the columns fronting the south-east were eaten away and corroded from base to capital for the depth of two or three inches; whilst on the other portions of the shaft the fluting was

as sharp and perfect as at the first hour of its erection.

The town and temple of Sunium were built during the brightest days of Greece—the age of Pericles; of the one not a vestige is left, and all that remains of the other are a few shattered columns supporting a frieze which fronts the "Island-gemmed Ægean."*

I had seen nearly all the temples now remaining in Greece, but none, not even Athens itself, is

* This beautiful relique at present affords an instance of the barbarous taste of the Austrian commodore Accourti. As if at once to commemorate to future travellers, and keep fresh in the memory of the miserable Greeks, his frequent arbitrary infractions of the law of nations, as regards their present glorious, but unfortunate struggle for liberty; he has been at some pains to disfigure the entire front of the temple, by inscribing on it, in massy black letters, the name of his detested vessel, the BELLONA AUSTRIACA. This affectionate memorial is now legible at a considerable distance from sea, but it has not passed without a comment, as a midshipman of one of the English ships of war has inscribed near it, in almost equally conspicuous characters, "*Buy Warren's Blacking.*"

calculated to produce such vivid emotions as that of Sunium. The greater number of them are seated in frequented spots, and surrounded by the bustle of the crowd; Sunium stands alone, its crumbling columns look but on the blue hills of Attica, or the azure billows of the Ægean: all is solitude around it, save the whirl of the sea-bird towards its summit, or the waving of the olive-groves at its base, and the only sound that awakes its silence is the sigh of the summer wind, or the murmur of the waves that roll into the time-worn caves beneath it.

Far removed from every human habitation, it is seldom visited, except by the mystic of the Mainote corsair, the caique of the passing traveller, or the fowler in search of the wild doves which frequent it. Its prospects are the most extensive and interesting in Greece:* from its

* The practice of building sacred edifices on lofty situations, which has obtained in all ages, was most scrupulously observed by the Greeks and Romans; nor do I remember any one temple in Greece or the Islands, which is not situated on

brow the eye wanders over the mountains of Argolis, and the hills that circle Athens; to the east are the purple plains of Helena and Eubœa; and, to the south, the endless mazes of the Cyclades, separated by narrow channels, whose glittering and intricate passages form the labyrinths of the Archipelago, the navigation of which is known almost exclusively to the pilots of Milo and Argentiera.

a hill. The custom seems of most remote antiquity, and the frequenting of "high places," even before the erection of temples, undoubtedly originated in the same feelings with which the devout inhabitants of every country, from Italy to India, still select the most lofty and delicious situations for their sacred buildings.

Strabo instances the fact in the Persians, and Kaempfer mentions it among the inhabitants of Japan. (Vol. ii. b. 5.) Hector sacrificed on the top of Ida. (Homer's Il. χ v. 170.)

Ἕκτορος, ὅς μοι πολλὰ βοῶν ἐπὶ μηρί' ἔκηεν, &c.

Balaak, the King of Moab, took Balaam to the *summit of a hill* in order that he might curse Israel and sacrifice to the Gods (Num. xxiii. 1). Abraham was commanded to offer up Isaac on the hills of Moriah (Gen. xxii. 20), and Christ seeing the multitude, went up into a mountain to preach. (Matt. v. 1.)

It is seldom that the view of the Ægean presents any thing but a picture of calm repose; its blue unruffled waters sleeping undisturbed beneath the equally unvaried sky, or gently curling their rippling surface to catch the dancing sunbeams, and flash them back in mimic splendour. Sometimes a group of the white sails* of the Levant are seen gliding from isle to isle, "like wild swans in their flight," or lagging lazily on the breathless tide to await the breeze of evening; earth, air, and sky, are all in unison, and their calm still repose belongs alone to the clime of the East.

We descended the cliff, and regained our vessel as the line of the ruined temple was thrown into fine relief against a sky now crimsoned with the dyes of sunset. There was no filmy cloud to break the softness of the west,

* From being made, almost universally, of cotton, the sails of the Levantine vessels are invariably of a brilliant white; contrasted with those of the northern nations, which are woven from hemp.

where the sun sank like a globe of molten gold, his rays spreading gently over the heaven, not flashed and caught from cloud to cloud, but blending in one massy sheet over the vast and glowing concave.

The dawn of morning at sea is perhaps the most sublime sight in nature: sunset on land is more reposing and lovely, but sunrise on the ocean is grandeur itself. At evening, he sinks languishing behind the distant hills, blushing in rosy tints at his declining weakness; at morn, he rises all fresh and glowing from the deep, not in softened beauty but in dazzling splendour. With the weary pace of age, he glides, at eve, from peak to peak and sinks from hill to hill; at morn, he bursts at once across the threshold of the ocean with the firm and conscious step of a warrior. His decline conveys the idea of fading brightness, his rise the swelling effulgence of mounting and resistless light.

The succeeding day was calm, and we lay

almost motionless in the narrow strait which separates the islands of Zea and Cythnos. The former contains now no objects of attraction amidst its sun-burnt hills and barren valleys, except the snowy walls of its villages, and the vestiges of a temple once dedicated to Minerva, and built, as our pilot said, by Nestor, on his return from Troy. Cythnos is a hilly, fertile mound, rising gently from the sea, and remarkable for nothing but its warm springs, from which it takes the modern name of Thermia. We slowly passed the strait, borne along solely by the current, and about mid-day lay totally becalmed in a little bay formed by the islands we had left, and those of Gyarus* and Syra.

It was Sunday, and if that day be possessed of peculiar stillness and repose on land, it must

* Rats, according to Pliny, were once so numerous as to drive off the inhabitants of Gyarus, an island which is referred to by Juvenal and Ovid as a place of banishment for exiled Romans.

"Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum."

Juvenal Sat. 1.

It is now a desert.

be doubly more so at sea, and among the Cyclades. The day was an Oriental one: not a wandering vapour to stain the deep blue heaven, and not a breath to warp the mirror of the sea; no passing bark gave life or motion to the scene, the sails hung in lazy folds upon the mast, and not a sound disturbed the ocean's silence. The crew were assembled on the quarter-deck, and I never listened to the Liturgy with such interest and attention,—every sound was solemn, and every line awoke some recollection of home and of England.

It was a new feeling, in such a situation, to hearken to the same accents we had so long heard only in the village church, repeated amid scenes rich in all the sublimities of nature, and hallowed by the brightest associations of history and time: to listen to the precepts of Christianity almost amidst the very scenes where they were first delivered, and to trace the wanderings of its Apostles on the same waves their barks had traversed.

There is no spot, not even the very seas of Greece, which wants its peculiar attractions; every valley has its ruin, every hill its history, and every wave is associated with the naval enterprizes and martial spirit of the mighty dead. Even those scenes unmarked by earlier memorials of her fame, are rendered interesting by after-recollections of her fall. Age has succeeded age, but to leave the impress of their events on the shore where true greatness first burst to light. The same soil once trod by the bard and the warrior, was again pressed by the feet of those who bore over the earth the pure precepts of the Gospel and of Christianity, and where even these have left no traces of their path, the immortalizing hand of Liberty is now raising on every hill a trophy, and inscribing on every rock a triumph.

In the evening, as there was still no appearance of wind, a few of the officers landed at Syra, within a very short distance of which we were floating on an almost breathless sea.

The town is by no means so well built as those of some of the other islands less equivocally Greek. Its streets, owing to their situation on the sides of a steep and conical hill, are irregular, narrow, and infamously filthy,—while its little harbour is crowded with vessels of various flags from Hydra, Malta, and Marseilles, as Syra is now the only neutral port of the empire equally respected by Turk and Greek, and permitted to carry on the trifling remnant of commerce which remains to the Cyclades.

On the beach we were met by a Greek merchant with whom I had formerly made the voyage from Hydra to Napoli di Romania. His house, to which he conducted us, after visiting the town, was situated at a short distance from the suburbs, in the midst of a garden cultivated in the Eastern style.

Its furniture was of that kind generally found in the houses of the Greek Islanders, half Oriental and half European, combining the luxurious comforts of the one, with the taste and

durability of the other. Our pipes and coffee in china cups placed in little vases of filigreed silver were presented by his daughters, two rather handsome girls, dressed in a costume between Grecian and Frank, and possessed of an ease of manner much superior to those of the same class whom we had left in the Morea.

The old gentleman seemed deeply to regret the ruin of his trade in the islands, occasioned by the convulsion of the war. A few weeks before our arrival, Syra had been thrown into the utmost commotion by the arrival of a Turkish corvette, escaping from the general rout the Ottoman fleet had suffered at Andros, and Capo d'Oro. She was pursued by a few Greek cruisers, with whom she capitulated on the terms of giving up the vessel: as soon, however, as the Turks were landed, the treaty was broken, by the captain blowing up the corvette: an attempt was immediately made to secure the crew, and after some rioting, and the death of a few of the unfortunate wretches, they were

secured, and to the number of a hundred and fifty, sent to Hydra as prisoners of war, where a few days after, they were massacred by the Islanders. The wreck of their vessel, and the unburied corpses of the Turks, were still lying on the beach as we passed.

Of the present war, and its prospects of success, our host spoke with that disinterested enthusiasm which characterises every class of the Islanders, whose lot, before the revolution, was sufficiently happy to render them contented with their submission to the Sublime Porte,*

* I do not remember to have any where seen an allusion to the coincidence between this title of the Grand Seignior, or rather the Turkish Government, and the constant application of the term *Gate*, throughout the Sacred writings. The Baba Hoomajun, the Sublime Porte, is one of the *gates* of the Seraglio, and from it, the Ottoman Emperor derives his singular appellation.

In the same manner, the word "gate" in its various applications throughout the Scriptures, signifies *power*, as in the instance when God promises Abraham that his posterity should possess the *gates* of their enemies," Gen. xxii. v. 17. And, the *gates* of Hell (shall not prevail against the Church), Matt.

had not a feeling of patriotism impelled them to ruin their own tranquillity, in order to assist the noble efforts of their less fortunate countrymen.

Governed by their own laws, and in the full

xvi. v. 18; the gates of Death (Psalm ix. v. 13); the gates of the grave (Isaiah, xxxviii. v. 10); the gates of righteousness (Psalm cxviii. v. 19); and various other passages, convey the same import.

Again, *gate* signifies in another sense, justice and judicature, or the place of assembly where judgment is pronounced; for example,—the gate of Bethlehem, where judgement was given between Boaz and Naomi's relation, in the matter of Ruth's marriage. (Ruth, iv. v. 1.) And in Lamentation, v. v. 14, it is mentioned thus: "the elders have ceased from the *gate*," that is, from frequenting the council-chamber.

Another, amongst many significations, is a *multitude* or a *family;* thus when Boaz tells Ruth (chap. iii. v. 11.) that all the *gate* of his house know she is virtuous; it means literally, the persons of his household.

Influenced by that unchanging tone of habit and feeling which characterizes the Orientals, it is easy to account for the assumption of this poetical and patriarchal epithet by the Sultan; and the passages I have quoted, assigning to it *power, justice,* and *multitude,* render it expressive, as well as tasteful and magnificent.

exercise of their own religion, a trifling yearly Karatsch to the Porte purchased them permission to elect their governors and senate from among themselves, and freed them from the presence or residence of a Turk in the Islands. Syra was once the happiest spot of the Archipelago, its plains* the richest of the Cyclades, and its merchants the most enterprising in the Levant; its only political grievance the necessity of sending an annual number of sailors to the Ottoman fleet, and its only tax about 8,000 piastres a year paid to the reigning favourite of the imperial Harem, on whom the revenue of the island was usually conferred by the Sultan.

After a protracted and gratifying visit we rose to depart, but were pressed by our hospitable host to partake of a dessert preparing in another apartment. It was the sole produce of his own immediate household, consisting of sweetmeats, oranges, fresh figs, peaches, melons, apricots,

* It is thus characterised by Homer, Odyssey. B. 15. l. 45.
Εὔβοτος, εὐμηλος, οἰνοπληθὴς, πολύυπρος,

and grapes, such as I have never seen equalled, not even in Smyrna; some of the bunches weighing from five to eight pounds, of the purest amber sprinkled with red spots, and a skin so delicate as to ruffle off with the slightest touch of the finger. His wine was delicious, and, after pledging our host, and speedy freedom to Greece, we reached our boat and again regained the frigate.

As usual, the breeze freshened at sunset, and at night we were again swiftly cleaving the Ægean, its phosphorescent waves leaving a long line of light in our vessel's wake, that tracked her course along the pitchy deep. We drove rapidly through the straits of Tenos, whilst the landmarks of our pilot were the watchlights and fires that blazed from the cliffs of Myconi and the distant hills of Delos.

The following day a strong head-wind detained us till evening, beating through the straits of Scio, and alternately tacking from its wooded shore to the opposite coast of Chesmé

and Asia Minor. This beautiful arm of the sea, once celebrated as the scene of the defeat of Antiochus, has in later days been rendered doubly interesting by the struggles of Greece; it was at Chesmé that in 1770 the Russian Admiral Orlow destroyed the Ottoman fleet; and it was in this same strait that in 1822 the modern Themistocles* consigned to destruction the author of the Sciote Massacre.

The view on either shore is splendidly beautiful; but on both, the associations of memory cast a feeling of disgust over every object: we could not look on the verdant hills of Scio without a shuddering recollection of the slaughter that had so lately stained them, whilst the opposite and equally beautiful coast was alike detestable as the home of its perpetrators.

But whilst to us the scene was any thing but a pleasing one, there was one individual on board our vessel to whom the sight of this devoted island served to summon up the most

* Canaris.

heart-rending reflections. This was a young Greek lady of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, a native of the island, a witness to its massacre, and a destitute exile in consequence of the murder of her family. She was now on her way with us to Smyrna, in order to place herself under the protection of a distant relative; whom she hoped, though faintly, to find still surviving. She sat all day upon the deck, watching with wistful eyes the shores of her native island; at every approach which our vessel made towards it, she seemed straining to recognize some scene that had once been familiar, or perhaps some now-deserted home that had once been the shelter of her friends: and when, on the opposite tack, we again neared the Turkish coast, she turned her back upon its hated hills to watch the retreating shores of her desolated home.

I had not been aware of her being on board, as her national retiring habits had prevented her appearing upon deck during the early part

of the voyage; but as she drew near Scio, feeling seemed to overcome education and prejudice, and she sat all day beneath the awning to satiate herself with gazing and with recollection. Towards evening we drew near the ruined town, built on the sea-shore at the foot of a wooded hill, which had been the site of the ancient city of Scio. Its houses seemed all roofless and deserted, whilst the numerous groups of tall and graceful cypresses which rose amidst them, contrasted sadly with the surrounding desolation; all was solitude and silence; we could not descry a single living creature on the beach, whilst from the shattered fortress on the shore, the blood-red flag of Mahomed waved in crimson pride above the scene of its late barbarous triumph.

At sunset the wind changed; we passed the Spalmadores and Ipsara, and, rounding the promontory of Erythræ, entered the bay of Smyrna. As we caught the last glimpse of the ruins of Scio, the unfortunate lady pointed out

the remains of a house to the north of the town, which had been her father's: it was now in ruins, and as clearly as we could discern, appeared to be of large dimensions, and situated on one of the most picturesque points of the island.

Her name, she said, was Kalerdji, and her father had been one of the commissioners for collecting the revenue of the Sultana from the gum-mastic of the island. On the breaking out of the revolution in the Morea, strong apprehensions of a similar revolt in Scio were entertained in the Divan, and a number of the most distinguished Greeks of the island were selected to be sent to Constantinople as hostages for the loyalty of the remainder. amongst these were her father and her only brother; herself, her mother, and two elder sisters being left alone in Scio. Tranquillity continued undisturbed in the island for more than a year, though the accounts of the reiterated successes of the Moreots were daily stirring up the ener-

gies of the inhabitants, whose turbulence was only suppressed by the immediate dread of the Turkish garrison in the Genoese fortress on the beach, the only strong hold in Scio.

One evening, however, a squadron of three vessels, manned with Samians, entered the harbour, attacked the unsuspecting garrison, and, aided by the lowest rabble of the town, succeeded in dispatching the guard, and taking possession of the fortress. But the deed was done without calculation, and could be productive of no beneficial result; the fort was untenable, and on the almost immediate arrival of the Ottoman fleet, a capitulation, without a blow, ensued.

The news brought by the hostile armament was of the instant execution of the ill-fated hostages, the moment the accounts of the revolt had reached the Porte. Overwhelmed with grief for the loss of their only and dearly-loved protectors, the family of Kalerdji spent the few intervening days in poignant but vain

regret, and in the seclusion of their bereft mansion knew nothing of what was passing at the town; where, whilst the Greeks were occupied in supplications and submission to the Capitan Pacha, and the Turks in false protestations of forgiveness and amity, the troops of the Sultan disembarked at the fortress. At length the preparations for slaughter were completed, and the work of death commenced.

It was on the evening of the third day from the arrival of the Turkish admiral that the family of the wretched being who lived to tell the tale, descried the flames that rose from the burning mansions of their friends, and heard, in the calm silence of twilight, the distant death-scream of their butchered townsmen, whilst a few flying wretches, closely pursued by their infuriate murderers, told them but too truly of their impending fate. As one of the most important in the valley, their family was amongst the first marked out for murder, and, ere they had a moment to think of precaution,

a party of Turkish soldiers beset the house, which afforded but few resources for refuge or concealment.

From a place of imperfect security the distracted Phrosine was an involuntary witness to the murder of her miserable sisters, aggravated by every insult and indignity suggested by brutality and crime, whilst her frantic mother was stabbed upon the lifeless corpses of her violated offspring. Satiated with plunder, the monsters left the house in search of farther victims, whilst she crept from her hiding-place to take a last farewell of her butchered parent, and fly for refuge to the mountains. She had scarcely dropped a tear over the immolated remains of all that was dear to her, and made a step towards the door, when she perceived a fresh party of demons already at the threshold. Too late to regain her place of refuge, death, with all its aggravated horrors, seemed now inevitable, till on the moment she adopted an expedient. She flew towards the heap of

slaughter, smeared herself with the still oozing blood of her mother, and falling on her face beside her, she lay motionless as death.

The Turks entered the apartment, but, finding their errand anticipated, were again departing, when one of them, perceiving a brilliant sparkling on the finger of Phrosine, returned to secure it. He lifted the apparently lifeless hand, and attempted to draw it off; it had, however, been too dearly worn; it was the gift of her affianced husband, and had tarried till it was now only to be withdrawn from the finger by an effort. The Turk, however, made but quick work: after in vain twisting her delicate hand in every direction to accomplish his purpose, he drew a knife from his girdle and commenced slicing off the flesh from the finger. This was the last scene she could remember. It was midnight when she awoke from the swoon into which her agony and her effort to conceal it had thrown her; when she lay, cold and benumbed, surrounded

by the clotted streams of her last loved friends.

Necessity now armed her with energy; no time was left for consideration, and day would soon be breaking She rose, and, still faint with terror and the loss of blood, flew to a spot where the valuables of the house had been secured; disposing of the most portable about her person, she took her way to the mountains. She pointed out to us the cliff where she had long lain concealed, and the distant track by which she had gained it, through a path at every step impeded by the dead or dying remains of her fellow-countrymen.

By the time she imagined the tide of terror had flowed past, when she no longer observed from her lofty refuge the daily pursuits and murder of the immolated Sciots, and when she saw the Ottoman fleet sail from the harbour beneath its crimson pennon, now doubly tinged with blood, she descended with her fugitive companions, to the opposite shore of the island.

Here, after waiting for many a tedious day, she succeeded in getting on board an Austrian vessel, the master of which engaged to land her at Hydra, in return for the quantity of jewels and gold she had been able to reserve.

She reached the island in safety, where she had now remained for nearly two years, but, finding or fancying her various benefactors to be weary of their charge, she was now going to seek, even in the land of her enemies, a relative who had been living at Smyrna, but whom she knew not if she should still find surviving, or fallen by the sabre of their common enemy.

Her tale was told with the calm composure of oft-repeated and long contemplated grief; she shed no tear in its relation; she scarcely heaved a sigh over her sorrows; she seemed, young as she was, to have already made her alliance with misery. She had now, she said, but one hope left; and if that should fail, she had only death to look to. It is a melancholy reflection, that this is but one instance from

thousands, of woes perhaps doubly aggravated, arising from the fall of Scio. The inhabitants were the most delicate, refined, and luxurious of the East, and it is calculated that from thirty to fifty thousand fell during the three days' massacre. The remnant of its population are now fugitives over the provinces of liberated Greece; and though but four years have elapsed since they could boast of the inviolation of what is asserted by Plutarch,* "that in seven centuries no instance of female infidelity had occurred in Scio," its wandering and destitute daughters are now the only class that have disgraced the name of their country.

* Plut. de virtu. Mulier.

LETTER II.

—— Smyrnæi—repetitâ vetustate, seu Tantalus Jove ortus illos, sive Theseus et ipse divina stirpe, sive Amazonum una, condidisset ———

Taciti Annal. lib. iv. c. 56.

SMYRNA.

THE BAY OF SMYRNA.—Shipping.—Fruit.—View of the City. —Crowd on the Beach.—The British Consul.—Bond-street, &c.—Fruit-market.—BAZAARS.—Populace.—Turkish Honesty.—Paras.—Armenians.—Arrival of W—— and his Friend.—SINGULAR STORY OF THE FORMER.—Evening Party.—Greek Ballad, "THE MOTHER OF THE KLEFT."—DEATH OF W——.—Imposition of the Officers of the Harbour.—A Fire.—FUNERAL OF W——.

IN the night of the 6th of August we came to anchor in the Bay of Smyrna, and on waking in the morning were calmly riding

within a short distance of the landing-place. The dashing of the waters along our side had ceased, the foam was no longer twining its snowy wreath around our prow, the mighty moving mass was again at rest, and we should have almost forgotten we were still at sea, were it not for the presence of the ponderous gun which half filled the little state-room on the middle deck where our cots were slung, and the tremulous reflection of the sunbeams from the water, which flashed in quivering and undulating eddies, through the port-hole on the roof of our temporary cabin.

On coming upon deck we were involuntarily struck with the beauty of the splendid panorama in the midst of which we were placed: behind us was the Gulf of Smyrna by which we had entered, its then turbulent waters now placid as the brow of infancy, and glittering in the beams of the morning sun like plates of silver on a warrior's mail, whilst the snowy sails of the Levantine barks, which glided along

them, were scarcely to be distinguished from their own dazzling whiteness. On every side around us the boats with gilded sterns, peculiar to the bay, were passing and repassing amidst ships, on the masts of which floated the flags of every trading nation, a crowd of hardy Greeks tugging at the oar, and a stately Turk, with graceful turban and flowing robes, smoking in haughty ease at the stern.

The gangways of the frigate were surrounded by shoals of little trafficking barks, laden with all the produce of the country: baskets of blushing peaches; pears, the amber hue of which was streaked with tints like the rose, and heaps of purple grapes flung down in such luxuriant profusion, that their luscious bunches were hanging in the rippling water.

Around us were the sunburnt hills of Asia Minor, their sloping and rugged sides studded with white cottages, and variegated with plantations of olives and fig-trees, which stretched to the rich gardens at their base, washed by the

waters of the bay. Before us rested in calm repose "The birth-place of Homer," "The ornament of Asia," "Izmir the lovely," "The crown of Ionia;" and well do its splendid situation and commanding prospects merit those impassioned epithets of its ancient chroniclers.

At the foot of a steep hill, the summit of which is crowned by the ruins of a castle of the Lower Empire, the city stretches along the sloping beach, its flat-roofed houses mingled with the domes of marble mosques and lofty groups of minarets and muezzin towers; whilst its outskirts are bordered by the waving groves of funereal cypress, which mark the last resting-place of the followers of the Prophet.

The long line of the Marino is bordered by a train of consular residences, over each of which floats the flag of its respective nation. The quay presented a novel spectacle, crowded with the inhabitants of every quarter of the globe; —the swarthy Nubian and the homeless Arab

mingling with the fair-browed sons of Europe and the West, whilst the "phes"* of the Greek and the crimson bonnet of the Armenian were grouped with the varied turbans and glittering costumes of the children of Mahomet. The Turk was lounging with his long chibouque on the beach; the Drogueman, in his enormous white head-dress and brown jubee, was leaning against the gate of his consulate; and the cry of the itinerant vender of sherbet and iced orgeats on the shore blended with the capstern song of the British sailor in the offing, or the ballad of the merry Greek, as he gaily trilled in his caique the deeds of Boukovallos and his Kleftis. The scene was altogether Oriental; and our only regret was that we had not dropped into the midst of it at once from Europe, instead of becoming partially fami-

* The phes (τὸ φες) is the little red cap worn by the inhabitants of the Levant; the Albanians, and the majority of the Moreots, wear no other head-dress; whilst the Turks conceal it by the ample folds of their turbans.

liarised to its objects through the gradual medium of Greece and the islands of the Ægean.

About noon we went on shore, and took up our quarters in the Italian locanda, on the beach, close by the residence of the Consul for the Low Countries, where our windows commanded a prospect of the bay and the shipping, and extended as far as the entrance of the Gulf of Smyrna and the brown hills of Clazomene. The residence of Mr. Wherry, the British Consul, to whom we paid our landing visit, is one of the most extensive in the city, and was built but a few years since by the Levant Company, on the destruction of the late building by fire or an earthquake, I do not remember which. The accommodations are admirable, and to one who had been sojourning in Greece, seemed a paradise of comfort, whilst the emoluments of his office afford ample scope to the hospitality of the proprietor.

A passage through his court-yard brought us into the principal street of the Frank quarter,

which, either from its miserable appearance, though the best in Smyrna, or the number of loungers who frequent it, is usually denominated "Bond-street" by the British officers, and a wretched opening at a little distance, planted with a few stunted trees, is dignified with the title of Hanover-square. "Bond-street" usually presents the same motley picture as the quay, thronged with the straggling wanderers of every nation under heaven; but at this moment it was deserted, the sun was at its meridian, the shops were closed, and the inhabitants were enjoying their mid-day sleep in the shade: all was quiet, except a few strolling foreigners, or the echoing whips and clamorous voices of the Tartar and Janissaries, who dashed at full canter through the narrow passage, escorting a party of English travellers on their way to Constantinople.

Passing along the rows of tumble-down mud houses, which form this lounge of fashion, we arrive at the most attractive part of the city,—

the fruit-market and the bazaars, in which no traveller will be disappointed. The avenues of the former are the true temple of Pomona, the luscious melons of Cassaba are piled in heaps with the peaches and apricots of Sangiac and Vourla, whilst pears, pomegranates, almonds, golden apples, tomatas, and a thousand others, are built in fragrant pyramids, embedded in clusters of purple and amber grapes; and interspersed with these, at every turning, are the tinkling* fountains of the venders of cooling sherbets, and draughts of every flavour and of icy chillness.

But the bazaars form the grand attraction: their long lines of arched arcades contain on every side ranges of little square apartments, entirely open in front, and raised about two feet from the ground. Their shelves on every side are well stored with the goods of the merchant,

* A small reservoir is allowed to fall drop by drop on a little tin wheel beneath it, which being thus propelled at a quick rate, makes the noise alluded to, for the purpose of attracting purchasers.

who reclines on a cushion in the centre to smoke his amber pipe, or count over and over the polished beads of his combolojo. Here again all is variegation and contrast: in one box squats the Jew in his dark vest and turban of spotted cotton, employed in the intervals of rest in plaiting with nimble fingers braiding for the jackets of the Greeks, or embroidering the fronts of papoushes for the Turkish ladies: in another the Mussulman, to whom traffic seems an effort, gladly seizes a moment of quiet to lounge on his crimson carpet, or sip his transparent decoction of the berry of his Mocca: in a third a group of merry Greeks are chattering and screaming over a pack of cards, whose dingy hue is scarcely contrasted with the colour of the boards on which they are flung, and who laugh as loud, and smile as thoughtlessly, as if in the very bosom of security, whilst every day is witness to the immolation of their companions, and the glittering sabre hangs by a single thread over their own devoted necks. Arabs and Egyptians,

French, English and Italians, crowd the passage, amongst whom the Turk, in his flowing garments and shuffling slippers,* imperiously demands an ample space for his orthodox person.

In our transactions here we could not avoid being struck with the straightforward and honourable manner in which the Turk disposed of his wares, for which it was no easy matter to drive a bargain, when we knew not a word of Turkish, nor he understood one English sentence, and the article was to be paid for in money of every coinage, British sovereigns, Spanish dollars, and Turkish Mahmouds and paras; but the

* The slipper of a Mussulman consists of two pieces, in one of which the sole and the upper slipper are both made of soft leather, generally yellow morocco; these are worn in the house, and when the owner is sitting with his legs doubled under him: the other piece consists merely of a sole, and a front of the same leather as the inner one, pointed at the toe, and these he puts over the first when moving out of doors, but as they want a heel it requires some management to keep them on the foot, and at the same time preserve the stateliness of a Mussulman's carriage.

grand difficulty lay in the latter, of which we sometimes received four or five hundred in change.

A para being about the eighth part of a penny, it requires long practice to be able to use these little pieces correctly. They are of impure silver, and as thin as a cobweb; the Turk counts them down, in little heaps of five at a time, on a board with a raised border, and sloping at the one end to a point, through which he pours them into his own bag, or the hand of his customer, whilst the rapidity, and at the same time the exactness, with which he spreads down a handful in fives, almost creates a smile at first sight: but never could we detect an error of a single one in his favour, nor was a different price at any time asked from our servants and ourselves. It is needless, however, to say that this equity of principle seemed confined to the Mussulman dealers alone.

Numbers of Armenians are constantly to be found in the bazaar, where they make off a

living by acting as interpreters, or brokers, between the Turks and the foreigners, and are to be known by the scarlet bonnet, which they wear to distinguish them from the Greeks, and preserve themselves from murder in mistake, as has not unfrequently occurred in some of the popular insurrections; and they are of too much value to the Turks as interpreters to be thus uselessly butchered like fugitive Greeks.

On our return to the hotel, we found the landlord in a fiery dispute with two English gentlemen, who had just landed from a French brig in the bay. One was a fine-looking young man of about four or five and twenty, but apparently in the last stage of emaciation and disease; and his companion, rather more robust, was endeavouring to persuade the Italian host to give him quarters in the locanda. This, however, he obstinately refused, on the plea of the young gentleman's illness, who was reclining, as we entered, on a sofa, in a state of enfeebled exhaustion, with sunken cheek and

lustreless eye, whilst the debate was proceeding; and the landlord with expressive shrugs unfeelingly pointed to his miserable appearance, and urged that as a few days must terminate his existence, he should not only have the annoyance of his death and interment, but his establishment would lose its character, in the suspicious climate of Smyrna, by an inmate having expired in it.

It was with difficulty that the elder gentleman procured permission for him to remain on the sofa whilst he went to seek more hospitable quarters for him; he succeeded, however, and in the evening the invalid was removed to a house near St. Catherine's Gardens, where he stretched himself on the bed from which he was never destined to arise, as he expired on the following day. The particulars of his story, as they were related to us by his companion, combined with the circumstances of his death, contained something peculiarly melancholy and romantic.

His name was W——, and his father, a gentleman in opulent circumstances, is still resident in Dublin, where he was originally destined for the profession of medicine, in the preparatory studies for which he had made considerable advancement. It happened that the hospital in which he was in the habit of attending clinical lectures, and where a considerable portion of his time was spent, adjoined a private establishment for the care of insane patients, and the garden of the one was separated from the grounds of the other by a wall of inconsiderable height. One day, whilst lingering in the walks in the rear of the hospital, his ear was struck with the plaintive notes of a voice in the adjacent garden, which sang, with peculiar sweetness, a melancholy Irish air; curiosity prompted him to see who the minstrel was, and, clambering to an aperture in the dividing wall, he saw immediately below him a beautiful girl, who sat in mournful abstraction beneath a tree, plucking the leaves from a rose-bud as she sang

her plaintive ditty. As she raised her head and observed the stranger before her, she smiled and beckoned him to come to her; after a moment's hesitation, and reflection on the consequence, he threw himself over the wall and seated himself beside her. Her mind seemed in a state of perfect simplicity; her disorder appeared to have given her all the playful gentleness of childhood, and, as she fixed her dark expressive eyes on his, she would smile and caress him, and sing over and over the song she was trilling when he had first heard her. Struck with the novelty of such a situation, and the beauty of the innocent and helpless being before him, W—— stayed long enough to avoid detection, and then returned by the same means he had entered the garden, but not till she had induced him to promise to come again and see her.

The following day he returned and found her at the same spot, where she said she had been singing for a long time before, in hopes

to attract his attention again. He now endeavoured to find out her story, or the cause of her derangement, but his efforts were unavailing, or her words so incoherent as to convey no connected meaning. She was, however, more staid and melancholy while he remained with her, and smiled and sighed, and wept and sang, by turns, till it was time for him to again bid her adieu. With the exception of those child-like wanderings, she betrayed no other marks of insanity; her aberrations were merely playful and innocent: she was often sad and melancholy, but oftener lively and light-spirited.

W—— felt an excitement in her presence which he had never known before; she appeared to him a pure child of Nature, in the extreme of Nature's loveliness. She seemed not as one whom reason had deserted, but as a being who had never mingled with the world, and dwelt in the midst of its vice and deformity in primeval beauty and uncontaminated innocence and affection.

His visits were now anxiously repeated and as eagerly anticipated by his interesting companion, to whom he found himself, almost involuntarily, deeply attached, the more so, perhaps, from the romantic circumstances of the case, and the secrecy which it was absolutely necessary to maintain of the whole affair, so that no ear was privy to his visits, and no eye had marked their meetings. At length, however, the matter began to effect a singular change in the mind of the lady, which became every day more and more composed, though still subject to wanderings and abstraction; but the new passion, which was daily taking possession of her mind, seemed to be eradicating the cause, or, at least, counteracting the effects of her malady.

This alteration was soon visible to the inmates of the house, and the progress of her recovery was so rapid as to induce them to seek for some latent cause, and to watch her frequent and prolonged visits to the garden;

the consequence was, that at their next meeting an eye was on them which reported the circumstance of W——'s visit to the superior of the establishment; an immediate stop was then put to his return, and the lady's walks confined to another portion of the grounds. The consequences were soon obvious; her regret and anxiety served to recall her disorder with redoubled vigour, and in the paroxysms of her delirium she eagerly demanded to be again permitted to see him.

A communication was now made to her parents, containing a detail of all the circumstances,—her quick recovery, her relapse, and the apparent cause of both; and, after some conferences, it was resolved that W—— should be invited to renew his visits, and the affair be permitted to take its natural course. He accordingly repaired to the usual rendezvous, where she met him with the most impassioned eagerness, affectionately reproached his absence, and welcomed him with fond and innocent ca-

resses. He now saw her as frequently as before, and a second time her recovery was rapidly progressing, till at length she was so far restored that her parents resolved on removing her to her own home, and she accordingly bade adieu to the asylum.

There were here some circumstances which W——'s companion, Mr. R——, related indistinctly, or of which I retain but an imperfect recollection; and he who could alone have informed me of them was gone to his long home before I heard his singular story. It appeared, however, that, after some farther intercourse, he was obliged to be absent from Ireland for some time, and during that interval, the progress of her mind to perfect collectedness continued uninterrupted; but her former *memory* seemed to decay with her disease, and she gradually forgot her lover.

Long protracted illness ensued, and her spirits and constitution seemed to droop with exhaustion after their former unhealthy excite-

ment, till at length, after a tedious recovery from a series of relapses, her faculties were perfectly restored; but every trace of her former situation, or the events which had occurred during her illness and residence in Dublin, had vanished like a dream from her memory, nor did her family ever venture to touch her feelings by a recurrence to them.

In the mean time W—— returned, and eagerly flew to embrace, after so long a separation, her who had never passed from his thoughts and his remembrance. Her family felt for him the warmest gratitude and affection, from the consciousness that he had been the main instrument in the restoration of their daughter, but the issue of this interview they awaited with the most painful suspense. She had long ceased to mention his name, or betray any symptom of recollecting him; he seemed to have passed from her remembrance with the other less important items of her situation, and this moment was now to prove to them whether

any circumstance could make the stream of memory roll back to this distracted period of her intellect.

From the shock of that interview W—— never recovered. She received him as her family had anticipated; she saw him as a mere uninteresting stranger; she met him with calm, and cold politeness, and could ill conceal her astonishment at the agitation and despair of his manner, when he found too truly that he was no longer remembered with the fond affection he had anticipated. He could not repress his anxiety to remind her of their late attachment, but she only heard his distant hints with astonishment and haughty surprise. He now found that the only step which remained for him was to endeavour to make a second impression on her renovated heart; but he failed. There was still some mysterious influence which attached their minds, but the alliance on her part had totally changed its former tone, and when she did permit her thoughts to dwell

upon him, it was rather with aversion than esteem; and her family, after long encouraging his addresses, at length persuaded him to forego his suit, which with a heavy and a hopeless heart he assented to, and bade her adieu for ever.

But the die of his fortune was cast; he could no longer walk heedlessly by those scenes where he had once spent hours of happiness, and he felt that, wander where he might, that happiness could never return. At length, to crown his misery, the last ray of hope was shortly after shaded by the marriage of his mistress. W—— now abandoned every prospect at home, and, in order to shake off that melancholy which was gathering like rust around his heart, went to the Continent; but change of scene is but a change of ill to those who must bear with them the cause of their sorrow, and find within "that aching void the world can never fill." He hurried in vain from one scene of excitement to another; society had no spell

to soothe his memory, and change no charm lull it.

> "Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
> And still the stranger wist not where to stray."

At length he joined the cause of the sturggling Greeks, and his name has been often and honourably mentioned amongst the companions of Lord Byron at Missolonghi. After his Lordship's death he still remained in Greece, but his constitution was too weak to permit him to be of active service as a Palikari. He had, therefore, taken a post in the garrison, which held possession of the castle and town of Navarino, in the Morea, and was wounded in the action at Sphacteria, in the summer of 1825.

The unskilful management of a native surgeon during his confinement in the fortress, previous to its surrender to Ibrahim Pacha, and a long and dangerous fever from the malaria of Pylos combined with scanty diet and bad attendance from his Greek domestics, united

with his broken spirit to bring on a rapid consumption.

It was under these circumstances that Mr. R——, who now accompanied him, had found him at a village in the district of Maina, and had since paid him every attention in his power. By cautious management and gentle voyages he had brought him to Hydra, where he was enabled to procure him a passage in a French vessel, from whence he hoped to find a British ship to land him in England, where his last moments might be watched by friendly eyes, and his bones rest with his fathers. The particulars of his inhospitable reception here I have already recounted; but we at last saw him fixed under the care of an old French officer at Smyrna, who engaged to pay him every requisite attention, till he should depart for Europe, or for another world.

We dined at the locanda with a number of Greeks and Austrians, and officers of the French and English navy; and in the evening engaged

a boat to row us across the bay to the Turkish gardens on the northern shore. It was a delicious night; the twinkling stars were scarcely visible in the blue silvery sky, and the ocean lay calm as the heavens. There was no noise along the dusky shore, and the voice of a Greek musician, who accompanied us with his guitar, alone disturbed the solitude of the scene. He sang with great taste and feeling the songs of his native mountains, and his tones were more musical than the generality of the Greeks I have heard in the Morea, whose nasal notes are any thing but harmony. He had a vast number of the amatory songs of Christopoulo, the Cretan, and the martial lyrics of the Patriot Riga; and it was a curious sensation to hear the wild airs of Greece sung almost beneath the windows of her insatiate murderers.

Of one of the most dramatic of his ballads, the following is a literal translation:—

THE MOTHER OF THE KLEFT.

She stood where the flood through the valley was toiling,
And she mark'd where its current was foaming and boiling;
And stones in its waters indignantly throwing,
She chided the stream that so swiftly was flowing.

"Flow back to thy mountains, oh, ill-fated river!
Dry up all thy waters and vanish for ever;
A mother implores, of her child who bereft is,
Oh leave her a path to the home of the Kleftis!
She is hasting to tell them her desolate story,
Where on Œta they rest in their strong Kleftochori." *

. . . . . .

Her son, the brave Kitzos, the Turks have surrounded,
And they bear him in triumph, bound, wearied, and wounded,
†Two thousand behind, and a thousand before him,
And last, last of all, the sad mother who bore him.
With the tears of a parent her eyes are o'erflowing,
And she calls, as sad looks on her child she is throwing—
"Of thy arms, my loved Kitzos, the foe has bereft thee;
No sword and no clasps of bright silver are left thee."

"Ah mother, weak mother, why weepest thou still for
My embossed yataghan and my cuisses of silver;

* An encampment of Klefts.

† In the original—

Χίλιοι τον πάγουν ἐμπροστὰ, καὶ δυὸ χιλιάδες πίσω
Κ' ὁλοξοπίσω πήγαινεν, ἡ μαύρα του μαννούλα.

The deeds of my valour and fame thou forgettest,
Nor the end of my youthful career thou regrettest;
But in tears *for my armour* my mother is mourning,
Is it thus, wretched parent, my love thou 'rt returning?"

"No, no!" she exclaim'd, while with arms twined around him,
She sever'd the cords where the infidel bound him;
And darting like hawks to the brink of the river,
They cross'd, and escaped from the Moslem for ever." *

It was late when we returned; and after answering the salute of the Turkish night-guard at the landing-place, we reached our hotel, and for the first time for many months, I stretched myself on an European bed, the yielding softness of which was an agreeable contrast to the hard carpets, and harder boards of the Morea and Attica.

The following day we called to see W——, but we found that human sympathy would soon cease to avail him; the step of death was already on his threshold. The surgeon of one of the ships of war had been to see him, but all

* Fauriel, Chants Pop.

prospect of his surviving had fled. The fatigue of his removal from the vessel, his exposure to the sun in the boat whilst landing, and his annoyance at the inn, seemed to have hurried down the few remaining sands of his glass; and he felt himself that time was drawing to a close with him.

He was perfectly collected, and, as fully as he could, was giving his last directions to his friend, who had so generously attended him; he spoke much of his family, and gave particular messages to each, pointing out to R—— the various little trinkets he wished to send them as dying memorials of himself; a ring, which he still wore on his finger, and which bore the inscription "To the memory of my dear mother," he desired might be buried with him, together with a locket which was suspended from his neck, and contained a lock of raven hair: he did not mention whose.

But words could not paint the expression of his countenance, nor the sad sublimity of

his voice, when, for the last time, he feebly grasped the hand of his affectionate friend, thanked him for all his former kindness, and bade him his last mortal farewell; he shortly after sank into an apparently painless lethargy, from which he never aroused himself.

It was evening before he died; there was not a breath of wind to wave the branches of the peach trees around his window, through which the sun-beams were streaming on his death-bed, tinged with the golden dyes of sunset. It was in a remote corner of Smyrna, and no sound disturbed the silent progress of death; the sun went down at length behind the hills; the clear calm voice of the Muezzin from his tower, came from the distant city, and again all was repose. We approached the bed of W——, but his soul had bade adieu to mortality; he had expired but a moment before, without a sigh and without a struggle.

We returned at night to our hotel, but the

quantities of mosquitoes with which it was swarming, from its vicinity to the oozy beach, and the hordes of tormenting insects with which our beds were infested, obliged us to sleep on board the frigate in which we came. It was pretty late when we were ready to go on board; but we found on coming to the beach, that, by a regulation of the port, no boats were allowed to put off after a certain hour, principally with a design to prevent the escape of the Greek inhabitants in European vessels.

A bribe was, however, suggested to the officer on duty, and he agreed for three piastres (at that time about eighteen-pence) to allow the boat to go out; and we were on the point of starting, when, finding us more pliable to his terms than he had calculated, he sent to say that he must have three piastres more: to this second exaction, we did not so readily submit, and the old gentleman shuffled down himself to the beach to detain us, threatening that he would fire into our boat if we attempted to

leave the shore till he had the six piastres. We were handing him the money, when the barge from the frigate rowed alongside; we stepped on board it, to the infinite mortification of the old knave, who thus lost his bribe and his temper together. This, with one exception, is the only instance of imposition or insolence which we met with in Turkey, at least in Smyrna, though I am aware that other travellers have been less fortunate.

We had scarcely reached the vessel and turned in to our cots, when we heard a distant murmur of voices from the city, and the watch on deck announced that a large body of flame was rising above the Frank quarter of Smyrna; the gong was immediately sounded, the boats lowered, and the officers, with a party of mafines and sailors, hurried with an engine to the spot, where the fire was raging in a few narrow streets at the rear of the British Consulate. It had originated in the house of a Jew, who had been employed in the manufac-

ture of false money, and it was at first conjectured that accident had caused the conflagration; but when the body of the unfortunate wretch and that of his daughter were found covered with the stabs of a yataghan, it was evident that the act was perpetrated by some incendiary, for the purpose of concealing the plunder and murder of the Jew. When we arrived at the scene, the street was so narrow, that it was utterly impossible for the engines to approach, and the passage was impeded by the ruins of the burning houses, and the remnants of their property, which the unfortunate inmates had flung down with the hope of saving them from destruction.

A crowd of Turks, and other sluggish Smyrniots were standing idly by, whilst the British sailors formed a line to carry water in buckets to the fire; but it was evident that no resources would be available till the flames had wrought their way to some open space where the engines could be brought to master them.

The scene was truly terrific; the night so calm, that the tall pyramid of flame and smoke was rising perpendicularly above the city, scattering on every side its bright volcano of sparks and burning wood; whilst beneath every other sound was drowned in the crackling and roaring of the fire, the hissing of the water, and the cries of the miserable wretches, who were obliged to view in motionless agony the destruction of their homes, which no efforts could rescue. Such was the temporary construction of the buildings, that the fire made quick work in its progress; house after house we saw, its windows whitening with the rolling smoke, till with a burst the flames found vent for their fury; floor after floor sank down, and in a few moments the crash of the roof announced the completion of the ruin. The remorseless element sped onward to another, where the slight framework of wood and mud opposed no barrier to its destructive career.

During the entire course of the conflagration,

scarce a hand was seen in motion save that of the British sailor; wherever danger was most threatening, he was in the midst, now mounted on the crackling beams, and now dragging the fire-engine of the Consulate over the smouldering ruins. A few lives were lost of those whom infirmity prevented from flight; about sixty houses were reduced to ruins,—but the whole scene was in a few days forgotten; a week or two suffices to re-erect the fallen edifices, and similar conflagrations are occurring from month to month, arising equally from the inflammable nature of the buildings and the carelessness of the inmates; whilst in the Turkish quarter of the city, such events are scarcely less frequent or less destructive.

The following day the remains of poor W—— were interred in the English burying-ground. The few travellers at the moment in Smyrna attended, and the Janissaries of the Consul preceded the coffin, which was borne by four sailors, and covered with an English ensign.

In a solitary corner of the cemetery, beside a group of cypresses, his grave was dug by the attendants of the British hospital; and his last remains rested by those of his countrymen who have fallen victims to the climate of the Levant.

Mr. Arundel, the chaplain to the factory, read the service of the church over his tomb; and perhaps it never was pronounced under more melancholy circumstances, beneath the calm bright sky of Asia, on an eminence which looked down on the bustle of the city, but was far removed from its din and clamour, and disturbed by no sound save the sigh of his friend, the hum of the glittering insects fluttering in the sunshine, and the hollow rattle of the clay on the receptacle of the wanderer's dust.

LETTER III.

——————————— ducimus autem
Hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitæ
Nec jactare jugum vitâ didicere magistra.
Juvenal.

THE SMYRNIOTS.

SMYRNA scarcely done justice to by European Travellers.—Its remains of Antiquity.—RIVER MELES.—Modern Town.—Important change going on in the Bay.—Singular effect of the Rivers of Asia Minor, on the tracts through which they pass.—Dr. Chandler's Theory of the Hermus.—A GREEK FAMILY OF SMYRNA,—their House.—STORY OF YOUNG LALLAHO.—The Greek Girls.—Castle of Smyrna.—View from the Castle Hill.—Turkish Burying-ground.—Different treatment of Females by the Greeks and Moslems.—Traits of character in the Modern Greeks.—Ancient zone referred to in the New Testament.—Personal appearance of the Turks.—Damascus Sabres.—Inscription on the Cymetar of Kontoghianni the Kleft.—Fragment of a Greek Song, "THE DREAM OF DEMOS."—Turkish Mosques at Smyrna.—Identity of the Pillar-tower of Ireland, and the Muezzin-towers of the East.—Form of Turkish worship.—Hour of Prayer in Scriptures.—Turkish cleanliness.—Climate of Smyrna.—The Inbat.—The Cascino.—Evenings at Smyrna.—Oriental custom of sitting at the Door alluded to in Scripture.—Turkish Toleration.—Hostility of the Latin Church to the Ikonoclasts.—Excursion in the Bay.—DEATH OF YOUNG LALLAHO.

SMYRNA is a part of Turkey of which less information has been given to the public than

almost any other portion of the empire, from the circumstance of its being generally visited as a mere baiting-place for travellers: those on their way to Constantinople, or the South, seldom allow it to arrest their attention, which is occupied by anticipations of more interesting attractions at the extremity of their journey; and those on their return fancy they have already seen so much of Turkey, that Smyrna can present no additional charms to delay their progress towards home. To me it was the first scene of Ottoman life and Orientalism, and though anxious to get on to the more celebrated spots of Asia Minor, it possessed sufficient allurements to induce to prolong my visit to a period considerably beyond that usually devoted to it by others.

Besides the charms of its situation and the luxuries of its living, I had more interesting motives for delay, in the society of the city. I was fortunate enough to see a good deal of the domestic life of the Turks, as well as of

the Greeks and Europeans, which alone can form a lasting charm, as the town and its antiquities require but a short investigation. The latter are, in fact, very imperfect, nor is much known with certainty concerning them.

We went to see the site of the Temple of Homer,* and the Baths of Diana, near the river Meles, which flows to the north-east of the city. Nothing remains of either save the

* From the circumstance of Homer being supposed to have been born on the banks of this river, he had given to him the name of Melesigenes, (by which he is mentioned by Tibullus, I think,) and which Herodotus says he retained till, whilst begging at Cumæ, he received the name of Homer, signifying, in their language, "a blind man." His works have likewise been called "Meleteæ chartæ." The claims of Smyrna to his birth are better attested, or at least more strenuously urged, than those of her rival competitors in the proverbial dystich,—

"Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodos, Argos, Athenæ,
Orbus de patria certat, Homere tua,"

though it is remarkable that Homer nowhere mentions either Smyrna, the Melos, or the nymph Critheis, assigned him as his mother.

echo of a distant tradition, whilst the ruins of her aqueduct, the mouldering and almost illegible inscriptions of her sepulchres, and the vestiges of her paved highway to Ephesus, afford but vague testimonies of the extent and importance of Smyrna.

In fact, of the ancient city nothing now exists: the modern town is supposed to occupy its site, but the opinions of almost all its annalists are at variance. Frequent earthquakes and conflagrations, and the invasions of time and its enemies, have so often reduced the city to ruins, that eight or nine periods of its being rebuilt are on record; whilst from each successive menace of annihilation, the beauty of its situation, and its importance to commerce, have protected it.

From the effects of such vicissitudes it may naturally be concluded that the appearance of Smyrna is as incongruous as her annals. The remnants of all ages are strewn around her: a castle of the middle empire crowns a hill

which looks down upon the aqueducts and ampitheatre, relics of more remote and flourishing epochs, while at its base the modern city is a mass of all architectures and all ages, built as the varying taste of every period and of every nation prompted; nothing is harmonious; antiquity and modernism are blended in every quarter, whilst its muddy, narrow streets are traversed by a population as varied as the differences of costume, language, manners, and country can render them.

But another and a more important change is still going on in the vicinity. The great rivers of Asia Minor, the Cayster, the Meander, and the Hermus, have all been celebrated for the singular alterations which, in their course, they have effected on the appearance of the lands through which they pass. The Cayster, by the soil which it has carried along during successive ages, has formed a plain in the vicinity of Ephesus, from which the sea has gradually retreated till it is now firm land,

and called by the name of the river which produced it. The operations of the Meander, still farther south, have been more widely extended, though less beneficial in their results, its channels tearing up for miles around it the sandy plains through which it flows, as it forms for itself fresh channels on every new inundation.

But the effects of the Hermus, or as it is now called, the Sarabat, which discharges itself into the bay of Smyrna, on the northern side, are likely to prove more important than either. The soil and sand, brought down from time to time by the stream of the river, have formed several banks and bars at its mouths, which are daily growing larger, and from which the sea is gradually withdrawing as they shoot forward across the Gulf. These have already extended so far, that the retreat of the waters in various quarters of the bay, and the visibly progressing changes in the entire, have given grounds to some curious

speculations on the result, and the following sweeping, but at the same time reasonable, calculation of Dr. Chandler, who examined the spot in 1764–5, is gaining daily though silent and almost imperceptible confirmation :—

" The river Hermus, by its influence on the gulf, has already effected great changes, and will gradually accomplish some signal alterations, of which the progress deserves to be accurately marked. The flats before Smyrna will mutually approach, and leaving only a narrow ingress, the city will be on a lake. This will be fed by the Meles, and by torrents, and in time become fresh. The plague of gnats will then, if possible, be multiplied at Smyrna.

" The land will continue to increase, until it is in a line with the mouth of the gulf, when the site of Clazomene, and the islets within Karabornou, will be encompassed with soil, and, if no current intervene, Phocæa be deprived of its harbour; the sea within the

gulf will by degrees give place to a noble plain, created and watered by the Hermus; commerce will have then removed to some more commodious mart, and Smyrna be, if not utterly deserted, desolate and forlorn."

A few days after our arrival, we were invited to dine with a Greek merchant, with whom the young Sciote lady, who accompanied us to Smyrna, had taken up her abode. His house was situated in one of the best streets in the Frank quarter, with spacious rooms, and a shady garden in the rear. The fitting-up of the entire was really splendid; and the repast, combining all the luxuries of the country, was conducted with the elegance of European style.

Our entertainer had been married to a lady, a native of Florence, who died early, leaving him a son and two daughters. The former had been, at the commencement of the Greek revolution, engaged in business with his father; but his ardent patriotism having induced him

to take an active, though concealed part, in forwarding the efforts of his countrymen, he was denounced to the Pacha of Smyrna, by one of his companions who had been detected, but whose fortitude could not withstand the tortures which were applied to wring from him the secret of his associates; and whilst at slow intervals his teeth were one by one extracted, and the nails slowly torn from his toes and fingers, he delivered up the names of his accomplices, in order to purchase a speedy death in lieu of the agonies he was enduring. Young Lallaho had, however, sufficient time to make his escape, and flying to the mountains above Karabornou, he lay concealed, till getting on board a British vessel in the straits of Scio, he was landed at the Ionian islands, and had thence reached the Morea, and openly espoused the cause of the struggling insurgents.

Nearly five years had now elapsed since his flight, and, with the exception of vague rumours, no news of his situation or fortunes had

ever reached his family, till one night, about a month previous to our arrival, he entered the house of his father by a back passage from the garden. The joy of his return was, however, quickly clouded by the consciousness that his discovery by the Turks would ensure not only his own immediate slaughter, but the destruction of his entire family for having dared to give him shelter or protection; he was accordingly concealed, even from the domestics, in one of the most secluded parts of the house, and his society only enjoyed at intervals and by stealth.

Almost from birth, and frequently previous to it, the children of the Greeks are contracted in marriage by their parents; nay, such betrothings have been known to exist even before the parents themselves have been introduced into the world. From infancy, those destined for each other are brought up and educated in the anticipation of their future union, till custom

and duty have strengthened mutual affection by long habit and association. Instances of such contracts being dissolved by common consent of the parties are seldom heard; but were one individual, even under the most unpropitious circumstances, to break the long cherished affiance, the act would stamp him with cureless infamy.

A motive of this kind had caused the return of the young patriot: he had long been betrothed to the daughter of a merchant of Smyrna, and a sentiment of fond affection had sanctioned the choice of his parents: his flight from his home had not been with so much precipitation as to prevent him taking adieu of his bride, and giving her assurances of his future return to claim her, and fly to some more peaceful home, beyond the reach of their tyrants. He had now redeemed his promise, and was about to conduct her to Leghorn, where he had made arrangements for

opening a mercantile house in conjunction with a countryman and correspondent of his father, long resident in Tuscany.

He had arrived several months before in an European vessel, under the disguise of a seaman; but, fearing to land during the commotions then reigning in Smyrna, he was forced to remain during some weeks in hourly danger on board, within sight of his dearly-loved home, but unable either to give notice to his friends of his presence, or to set a foot on its treacherous shore, and at last, after tedious watching and anxious delay, he was obliged again to put to sea, and bid it a second reluctant farewell. The vessel now carried him to Beirout, Jaffa, and finally to Alexandria; from whence he was obliged to beg his way in one vessel after another, to Leghorn, Malta, and the Ionian islands, where he once more embarked for Smyrna.

After many a narrow chance, he at last landed during a stormy night at an obscure part of the bay, and by the utmost caution and

concealment at length succeeded in reaching his father's house. He had now made all his arrangements, and was to sail in a few days with his bride in an Austrian vessel for Trieste, should he be enabled to elude his enemies till the time of his departure.

The daughters of the old gentleman were two of the most beautiful girls I had seen in the Levant: their costume was rather of the Italian than Greek taste, but combined the elegancies of both; their light silk dresses were made to suit accurately to the figure, instead of flowing loosely and ungracefully as in the Morea. A slipper with a high heel, such as are generally worn in the north of Italy, richly embroidered, and covering only the front of the foot, showed to full advantage a delicately turned ankle, through a stocking of netted silk fine as a gossamer; whilst their turbans of transparent gauze, ornamented with a glittering aigrette and a wreath of golden flowers, rather enhanced than shaded the

glossy ringlets which flowed over a brow fair as polished marble.

Their accomplishments too had not been neglected, and I never heard the songs of Greece sound so enchantingly as when breathed by their sweetly-toned voices, accompanied by a guitar, to some of the native airs of Britain, and especially to Mozart's delicious one of "Life let us cherish," which seems an universal favourite with the Greeks. Their manners appeared to be a combination of the three classes with whom they had associated,—the grace of the Italian, the sprightly vivacity of the Greek, and the stately tournure of the Ottomans; whilst all three were enhanced and blended by an air of fixed and interesting melancholy.

The dress of the male portion of the company was European, their national costume being laid aside, either from choice, or for protection against the casual insults of the Turks. The son of our host did not make his appear-

ance, nor was his name mentioned by any; and in fact it was only on a third visit that we learned his tale. The conversation during the day presented a fair specimen of the varying and cameleon-like character of the people, taking a tinge from every topic, and verging in an instant "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," whilst every change of temperament was carried to an extreme of gaiety or sadness, though the former generally prevailed.

The females seemed to monopolize all the melancholy of the party: continued terror and reiterated scenes of horror and of dread appeared to have damped their natural sprightliness: they spoke often of their awful situation; in the midst of an infuriated enemy, where the moments of rejoicing for the successes of their countrymen were those when they had most to dread from the brutality of their masters. They knew not the hour when the caprice of their governors might consign them to the fate of Scio, which hundreds of their friends and rela-

tives had already shared, whilst the orders of the Divan and the vigilance of the guards rendered escape from Smyrna almost an impossibility, which nothing but despair could urge them to attempt, and in which detection, without another crime, would itself condemn them to slavery or slaughter. The intervals in such accounts as these and the freezing tales with which they were illustrated, were filled up with amusements as lively as *they* were depressing, and songs and music served to pass the time till a late hour, when we took our departure, and put off, to spend the night in our births on board.

A steep passage from the town leads to the castle of Smyrna, on the summit of Mount Pagus at its rear; its remains present little more than a ruinous wall encircling its court-yards, and the remains of dilapidated buildings, covering an immense space of ground. The original structure, massive remains of which are still to be traced, is said to have been the work of Alexander; but the modern building owes its

origin to John Angelus Comnenus, about the year 1220 Near the gate by which we entered lies a colossal head, said by some to be that of the Amazon Smyrna, by others of Apollo; but no evidences now remain by which to aid recognition or trace the obliterated lines of beauty.

This hill is said to have been the scene of the martyrdom of St. Polycarp, who was born at Smyrna during the reign of Nero, created bishop of his native city by St. John, and supposed to be the "Angel of Smyrna," to whom the epistle in the 2d chapter of the Revelations is directed. He was burnt (or torn by wild beasts,) as tradition says, in the amphitheatre, during the persecution of the Christians, A. D. 169, by Marcus Aurelius, and his tomb is said to have been long frequented on the summit of the mountain; but no traces of it are now to be found, and even the fact of this being the scene of his martyrdom is doubted.

The view from the walls of the castle is splendid in the extreme, extending over a su-

perb country as far as the eye can reach, and taking in at one glance the hills of Erythræ, the waters of the distant bay, the course of the Hermus, and the country stretching up to Cassaba and Mount Sipylus.

Our return was through the Turkish cemetery, which is situated nearly at the top of the hill: it is marked by peculiar neatness rather than by great extent, and its groves of lonely cypresses, each at the head of its marble-turbaned tomb, produce an effect of melancholy sadness and repose, much more affecting than the gaudy monuments and frippery decorations of Père la Chaise, or the "storied urn and animated bust" of Westminster and Santa Croce. It is in these spots that one feels truly in the East, where all around reigns the stillness of death, and the only gaudy objects to allure the eye are the calm cloudless heaven and the glittering sea, where the hum of the bee amid the thyme-covered graves, and the stately waving of the funereal cypresses, alone disturb the solitary

grief of the mourners who frequent them, and who are seen in melancholy groups seated in tears beside some fresh-made grave, or watering with friendly hand the flowers which spring above some earlier tenant of the tomb.

These scenes, too, afford another proof of the superior gentleness of heart and fervent affection of woman. It is seldom they are visited by men, and I never remember to have entered one of them without seeing some sorrowing female seated by the green mound or marble shrine, which sheltered some once loved and still dearly cherished being, to whom she fancied she had already bade an eternal farewell; the precepts of her religion debarring her from any hope of a reunion in another world with those on whom the portals of the tomb had closed in this.

Nor are the Turks by any means divested of domestic affection either; but national custom and a fostered feeling of male superiority have taught them that it is unmanly to make a wo-

manish display of sentiment. With a Greek, who seems to copy all the gaudy exterior without the solid virtues of the Mussulman, this idea of male superiority surmounts every suggestion of love or lasting attachment. The Osmanlee teaches the inferiority of woman in another world, yet grants her what appears to him her due sphere in this; the Greek, on the contrary, inflicts present degradation, as if inculcating submission here as the purchase of happiness hereafter: with the one it is an error of the head, with the other a tyrannical theory of the heart.

I have frequently heard even the Hydriots talk in rapture of their little sons, praise them as blooming cupids, and boast of the promising manliness of their infant forms, whilst their equally lovely daughters or affectionate wives are never mentioned, or, if referred to by another, dwelt on for a moment, and the conversation reverted to their boys. On more than one occasion, Captain Hamilton, of the Cambrian, the well-known friend of the Greeks, has been

solicited, during periods of threatening danger, to receive the sons of the chiefs on board his vessel for protection, whilst the daughters and wives were left to await their fate amongst the lumber of the houses.*

In like manner, whilst imitating in less important matters the customs of their masters, the Greek almost invariably abandons the substance for the shadow. His embossed and richly-gilded pistols are splendid only in the stock, the barrel and other important items being generally worthless; the hilt of his sabre is often set with jewels, whilst the blade is gnawed with rust; the light flowing dresses of the Mussulmen, so admirably combining grace with convenience, are rejected by the Greek, since they cannot be covered with lacing and golden braid like his tight and inelegant jacket; and the cool silken sash,† which confines the

* For a similar story, see Carne's Letters from the East, p. 62.

† I bought to-day in the Bazaar a woollen girdle, whose construction amply explains the phrase so often occurring in

garments of the Turk without adding to the oppressive heat of the climate, is laid aside for the hard leathern pistol belt of Albania, which admits of more ornament, but at the same time keeps the wearer in a fever of heat.

But it is needless to prolong the list of the thousand instances in which the spirit of imitation has made him grasp merely at the glaring and more imposing points of the Mussulman character, whilst by caprice or contempt he rejects the solid advantages it may possess.

Oriental tales of the heroes "*carrying their money in their belt.*" On one end being passed once round the waist it is fastened by a buckle, and this entire portion being sown double all round contains the *paras*, which are extracted by means of a small opening in the front, closed with a leathern cover and strap. This being secured, the remainder of the zone is folded round the body till the successive envelopements take up all the cloth, the end of which is then tucked in at the side so as to secure the folds.

The word ζωνας translated *purses* in the 9th verse of the 10th chapter of Matthew, signifies literally girdles; and from their adaptation to the use pointed out by our Saviour, "Possess not gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses," they were undoubtedly of the same fashion with that which I have described.

Taken *en masse*, the Turks are the finest-looking race of men in the world: their oval heads, arching brows, jetty eyes, and aquiline noses, their lofty figures and stately mien, are all set off to full advantage by their ample robes and graceful turbans; all is ease and proportion about a Turk; there are no angles or straight lines in his features or person; in all we find the pure curve of manly beauty and majestic grace.

It is inconceivable what a miserable figure an Englishman or an European makes beside him; his black unmeaning hat, harlequin pantaloons, and hard-collared, straight-cut coat, (which will one day puzzle those of posterity who shall be antiquaries in costume,) contrast so villainously with the picturesque head-dress, ample trowsers, and floating pelisse of the Ottoman, whilst his glossy beard flings contempt on the effeminate chin of the clipped and docked European. His arms, for "in the East all arm," usually consist of a pair of superbly chased pistols,

stuck in a silken sash; a yataghan, with a jewelled handle; a larger and more clumsy knife, called a hanjar, and a scymetar swinging in a scabbard, covered with green or crimson velvet, (as the owner, being an Emir or otherwise, is entitled to carry it,) and ornamented with bosses of gold. The latter is, in general, the most important and valuable portion of his arms, or even of his property. I have seen some blades which were valued at 200 or 300 dollars, many are said to be worth triple that sum, and all retain the name of Damascus, though it is by no means likely that they have been manufactured there. The twisting and intermingling of the fibres of the metal are considered as the tests of excellence, but I have never seen any possessed of the perfume said to be incorporated with the steel in the real Damascus sabres.*

* The Turks have one cut with a bent sabre said to be peculiar to themselves; it is in drawing the weapon from the scabbard, when the same motion bares the blade and draws it across the body of the enemy. These sabres were probably first used in naval engagements, their shape giving them a de-

On the blade of each is usually inscribed a verse from the Koran, either sunk in the steel, or embossed in letters of gold. The same custom is likewise observed by the Albanians and by the Greeks, the lines on the sword of Kontoghianni the Kleft being often copied on the sabres of his descendants.

Ὅποιος τύραννους δεν ψηφεῖ,
Κ' ἐλεύθερος 'σ τὸν κόσμον ζῇ,
Δόξα, τιμὴ, ζωή του,
Εἶν' μονον τὸ σπαθί του.*

To him who dreads no tyrant's frown,
Who treads the earth its free-born lord,
Whose life is glory and renown,
To him be Kontoghianni's sword.

Among the Greeks, a sabre of superior value is kept as the heir-loom of the family; and in almost all their songs the Δαμασκὶ Σπαθὶ makes a prominent allusion; thus in the following

cided advantage amidst ropes and cordage, where a straighter weapon would be useless or entangled; beauty is evidently not the only object or advantage aimed at.

Fauriel.

fragment of a Kleftic ballad the grand climax of sublimity with which the vision ends, is the bloody sabre of the chief.

ΤΟ ΟΝΕΙΡΟΝ ΤΟΥ ΔΗΜΟΥ.*

Λαλοῦν οἱ κοῦκκοι στὰ βουνὰ, κ' ἡ πέρδικες στὰ πλάγια
Λαλεῖ κ' ἕνα μικρὸν πουλὶ 'σ τοῦ Δήμου τὸ κεφάλι
Δὲν ἐλαλοῦσε σὰν πουλὶ, οὐδὲ σὰν χελιδόνι,
Μὸν ἐλαλοῦσε κ' ἔλεγεν ἀνθρώπινην λαλίτσαν·
"Δῆμό μου, τ' εἶσαι κίτρινος, καὶ τ'εισ' αραχνιασμένος;"—
"Πουλάκι, κ' ἂν μ' ἐρώτησές, νὰ σοῦ τ' ὁμολογήσω·
Ἔγυρα νὰ ἀποκοιμηθῶ, ὕπνον νὰ πάρ' ὀλίγον·
Καὶ εἶδα εἰς τὸ ὕπνον μου, 'σ τὸν ὕπνον ποῦ κοιμοῦμουν
Εἶδα τὸν οὐρανὸν θολὸν, καὶ τ' ἄστρα ματωμένα,
ΤΟ ΔΑΜΑΣΚΙ ΣΠΑΘΑΚΙ μου βαμμένὸν μες τὸ αἷμα."†

THE DREAM OF DEMOS.

The cuckoo sings upon the hills, the partridge in the plain,
A little bird trills o'er his head, where Demos down hath lain;
He chirps not as his fellow mates, nor as the swallow sings,
But sweetly utters gentle words, with lightly fluttering wings.

"Why, Demos, art thou deadly pale, why is sadness on thy brow?"—
"If thou dost ask, my little bird, I'll quickly tell thee how.
I laid me down in balmy sleep, my wearied limbs to rest,
But I have had a dream that fills with boding fears my breast.

* Δημος, a contraction for Δημητριος. † Fauriel.

" I saw within my hideous dream strange troubles in the sky,
And all its ebon bosom gemm'd with stars of crimson dye:
I saw—I shudder while I speak—before me as I stood,
My bright *Damascus Cymetar* bedimm'd with gouts of blood."

The Mosques in Smyrna are very numerous, and plainer than in any other part of the empire, with the exception of the chief one, which is lately built, and extremely handsome of its kind, the materials being chequered with white and black marble, as in the Campanile and Duomo of Florence and Parma.* The number of small towers for the muezzins attached to

* It is confidently asserted in Smyrna, and I believe with truth, that the headstones and monuments of the old English burying-ground were employed by the Pacha in the erection of this new mosque. This arbitrary act on the part of the Turks must have been highly tyrannical, if done *against the will* of the English residents; and otherwise betrays wonderful apathy in them and the Consul, if they did not attempt to prevent it, which a remonstrance might have accomplished. Some of the monuments are said by Dr. Chandler to have been " of extremely elegant workmanship, and executed by Italian artists:"—their merit at *least*, if not their associations, might have induced the Factory to protect them.

each varies considerably :* they are all of delicate architecture, and have the door facing Mecca, by which the muezzin ascends at sunrise and sunset to proclaim to the faithful the hour of prayer.

Considerable affinity seems to subsist between these sacred little edifices and the celebrated "pillar towers" of Ireland; the diameter and height of both are nearly alike, and each is crowned with a conical covering; the only difference seems to be in the external gallery of the Turkish tower, and in the doorway of the Irish, which is usually placed at a considerable height from the ground; but the object of both seems to be undoubtedly the same, devotional, and each is found in the vicinity of the respective church to which it had been attached.

The interior of the Mosque is extremely plain; the walls being inscribed with a few verses from the Koran, but divested of all other ornament, save a niche, called a Kiblé, which

* See Letter VI.

points the direction of Mecca, and towards which the Mussulmen prostrate themselves in prayer. The hours of devotion adopted by the Mahometans are undoubtedly borrowed from the Jews, and the three daily prayers of Daniel (chap. vi. 10), and the morning, noon, and evening worship of David (Psalm iv. 17) are still observed, though with some additions, by the Turks. The call of the muezzin too, in the evening, accords with the later ceremonies of the Christian Church, as when Peter and John went up together into the temple at the *hour of prayer*, being the ninth hour (Acts chap. iii. v. 1. The ceremonies of worship are very simple: each devotee, leaving his pappouches at the door as he enters,* performs a number of prostrations and genuflections, touching the matted

* The custom of uncovering the feet still holds good throughout every quarter of the East, and in this portion of the religious ceremonies of the Mahometans and Hindoos, we may trace the continuance of the practice from the days of Moses. "Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." (Exodus iii. 5.)

floor with his forehead, and placing his hands behind his ears; the frequent observance of these duties is supposed to leave a mark on the brow, which is to be rigorously scrutinized by the visiting angels, Monkir and Nakir, as soon as the body is laid in the grave, by whom his intermediate probation, till the resurrection, is to be decided, either to be gently fanned by the airs of Paradise, or, after chastisement with their iron maces, to be gnawed till the hour of judgment by his sins, which, for that purpose, are to be transformed into scorpions and venomous reptiles, according to their degree of enormity.

The ablutions so wisely ordained by the Prophet, and so indispensable to cleanliness in the East, are either performed adjoining to the Mosque, or in the respective dwellings of the faithful; and form one of the most material points of his worship, for the comfort of both soul and body. This practice, so important in Oriental countries, is carried to a still greater

length by the Arabs than the Turks, and I do not know if the ablutions of the Hindoos may not be traced to the influence of their Mahommedan neighbours. No being can possibly have a finer sense of personal neatness than a Turk, and no instance more strongly depicts the hatred of the Greeks to their oppressors, than the fact that in the Morea they abstain almost entirely from washing or purifying their persons, on the plea that it is a *Turkish effeminacy*.

If, as Wesley says, "cleanliness be akin to godliness," the Mussulman has a large proportion to claim; for, connected with his devotions, or perhaps arising from them, is his frequent use of the bath, which to those of every rank is esteemed a necessary of life; and there is probably no sensation in existence more luxurious than that which one feels when reclining in the saloon of the public bath, after having passed its ordeal of steaming, perspiring, purifying, and shampooing, wrapped in a light

silk gown, seated on a delicious sofa, and taking alternate draughts of his chibouque and transparent coffee: the mind seems equally purified with the body, he feels as if he had driven off all the cares of humanity, he is conscious solely of ease and delicious luxury, and he rises to depart with every joint so free, and every limb so lithe, that his step has all the firmness and grace of an Apollo.

The weather, during our stay at Smyrna, was tremendously warm, the thermometer ranging from 80° to 95°; and in those spots which were shaded from the sea-breeze, the sultry breathless air was suffocating. Notwithstanding this the nights were bitterly cold, and every evening after sunset there came a weighty chilness through the air, which was sometimes absolutely benumbing. It is this fact of the extreme variations of heat and cold during the course of twenty-four hours which induces the Turks to employ so much fur in

the linings and decorations of their dresses; as the sultry heat of the day forces them to keep those chambers light and airy during the morning, which are consequently chilly and comfortless at night.

Without a visit to the Levant, one would be at a loss to fully understand the force of the expression in Genesis, xxi. 40. "In the day the *drought* consumed me, and the *frost* by night;" but he who has passed a spring in the Ionian Islands, or a summer at Smyrna, can readily comprehend their full import. The light wind, called by the natives the "Inbat," blows generally from the bay during the day, setting in from the north-west; its faint refreshing airs are the most delicious conceivable, and these alone render Smyrna inhabitable, the insects and the heat being otherwise completely intolerable. Our short excursions in the vicinity we generally made in the morning, ere the sun had gained his height;

the noon we spent in the cool shade of the consulate, or in reading at the Frank assembly-rooms, called the Cascino.

These apartments contain a suite of ball-rooms, cabinets of journals, and European newspapers. They are fitted up in very excellent style, and when the season permits dancing, are well attended by the French and British residents; at present all except the news-room are vacant.

Some introductions from Athens and Hydra to a few Greek residents enabled us to spend our evenings more agreeably than we had anticipated. About sunset we generally went to an open street in the west of Smyrna, where they chiefly resided, and where, in the clear twilight, the families usually seated themselves by the doors to enjoy the cool breath of evening. Such meetings used to remind us of the days of the patriarch, when Abraham received the angels as he sat by the door of his tent, and when Eli, in his ninety and eighth year, as

he reclined at sunset on his seat by the way-side, was told by the fugitive soldier, that Israel had been vanquished in battle, that his sons Hophni and Phineas were no more, and that the Ark of God was taken. The stone benches, too, at every door explain the exclamation of Job: "Oh, that I was as in months past, in the days of my youth, when my children were about me, when I went up to the gate in the city, when I *prepared* my *seat in the street*." (Job, xxix. 19.) Here, mingling with their social groups, we have passed many a delicious evening, and listened to many a tale which made our blood creep, from lips which were shortly doomed to share the fate they were recounting. The situation of this unfortunate people in the large towns of Turkey, where they are forced to reside, is singularly precarious. It is probably as a kind of hostage for their countrymen in Greece that they are forbidden by the Sublime Porte to leave the empire, and the restrictions to prevent

them embarking in foreign vessels are rigorously enforced.

Their present existence is one continued struggle with terror; liable at every turning to the insults of the lowest rabble, and unconscious of the moment when the caprice or irritation of their masters may vent itself in their massacre. The volatility and buoyancy of their spirits, in which they seem to excel every other nation in Europe, alone preserves them from despair or self-destruction. But the same feeling never reigns long at a time in the breast of a Greek; sadness will vanish in a moment, and the most melancholy events leave but a transitory impression on the mercurial surface of their temperament, which is no sooner ruffled by some external movement than it smooths itself by its own elasticity. Tears with them are but the dewdrops which form the rainbow of hope, when struck by the after sunshine of smiling gaiety; and days spent in terror or concealment are concluded by nights

of revelry and mirth, when the veil of terror is for a moment withdrawn.

Their trades, their merchandise, and the exercise of their religion, however, suffer little or no suspension; for the Turk, though the prince of bigots, is the most tolerant of professors. Provided he suffer no injury from his neighbour's creed, in property or person, he neither punishes him for his opinions, nor attempts to dragoon him out of them; and, consequently, Roman Catholics and Protestants, Armenians, Jews, and Greeks, have all their respective temples and religions, equally protected by the Sultan with the mosques of Mahomet.

Proselytism is neither sought after nor encouraged; and though the Prophet of Mecca may have used a sword to *establish* his religion, he seems to have handed it over to his Christian brethren when once a footing was obtained, from whence Islamism could in future be upheld by gentleness and not by slaughter. Proselytes in the West are often made by blood;

in the East a more salutary method is pursued: the Turk lays hold of the neophyte's purse, who, finding himself thus deprived of consequence in the eyes of others, and of wealth in his own, is glad to fall into the fold of the faithful, to restore his honour and protect his property.

At the same time, a renegade, however fortunate, is by no means an enviable character amongst the Osmanlees: the tenacity with which a Mussulman clings to his own religion induces him to despise those who can from any motive abandon theirs; and a recusant Christian, though received with readiness, is ever watched with suspicion; and a profession of the Prophet's creed, without a demonstration of conviction of its truth, is not in every case a passport to the gardens of Paradise. A large body of infidels having on one occasion professed to Mahomet the Second their readiness to embrace Islamism, he asked their motive, and, obliging them to confess that it was to be

rid of taxation, dismissed them unreceived with the wise reply, "that he preferred sterling metal in his coffers to false professors in his church."

It is not the Turk alone, however, who is honoured with the hatred of the Greek; to him his aversion bears only political inveteracy; but it is the members of the Church of Rome who feel the full bitterness of his soul's aversion. With them, as with every other sect, it is the most trifling discrepancy of faith which makes the widest breach of friendship; and as the Latin dissents only in a few points of church government, he is treated with a double portion of religious hatred. The Turk differs too widely in his faith to produce any collision; but the texture of Catholicism and the Greek Church come so closely in contact as to produce incessant eruptions, attended with all the fulmination and flames of polemic combustion. In the Islands, at one time, no intercourse was held with the apostates, and at

84003

the present moment Christian burial is denied them, unless performed by their own sect; and absolution in his dying moments has been refused to an orthodox Greek because in the service of a heretic Romanist.

The hatred, however, is not confined to one side the house; it is returned with ardent fervour by their Vatican brethren. Father Jerome Dandini, the Pope's envoy to the Maronites of Mount Libanus towards the end of the seventeenth century, thus characterises the Greek Christians of Crete, amongst many others to whom he pays like compliments.

" I should have work to do to reckon up all the impurities of the prelates, priests, and *other ecclesiastics* of this nation, their separation from the Latin church, the maledictions and excommunications they fulminate upon the most sanctified days against it, when we pray for their welfare. I shall also say nothing of their pride, obstinacy, defection of faith, of the difficulty to treat with them, of their enchant-

ments, superstitions, *horrible* and *continual blasphemies*, which cannot be heard without horror. Finally, St. Paul had reason to say according to one of their own poets, 'those of Crete are always liars, they are wicked *beasts*, gluttons, and lazy.'* " So much for Christian charity!

A few evenings before our departure from Smyrna, we had gone out in a boat, after sunset, to observe a curious method of fishing at night, practised by the Smyrniots in the shallows of the bay. A small vessel of charcoal and burning sticks is suspended over the prow of the boat, and, by striking the water with a hollow stick from the stern, the fish, attracted by the light, are driven into the net attached to the boat. Induced by the calmness

* Titus, i. 12. One of themselves, even a Prophet of their own, said, "The Cretians are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies."

—— non hoc centum quæ sustinet urbes
Quamvis sit *mendax*, Creta negare potest.
Ovid de Art. Amand. l. 1., v. 297.

of the night, and the numerous fires which were floating on every side around us, we had passed to about two or three miles distance from the beach, and were rowing about to enjoy the cool breeze which set in at sunset, and by the help of which a little vessel was lying off and on in the roads, apparently awaiting the arrival of something from shore to put to sea.

It was nearly midnight when we returned to our vessel in the bay, and were quietly pulling towards her, when we heard through the gloom the noise of oars and the foaming of a boat through the waters: in a moment it shot past us like a dolphin, but the next the oars were backed, with a hissing swirl she drew alongside us, and a few Turkish soldiers bounced on board as we were starting up to our defence, when, finding we were not the persons they sought, they uttered a few words of Turkish in apology, and withdrew; their boat again shot across the water with the rapidity of an

arrow, whilst we reached our vessel, busied with vague conjectures as to the cause of this abrupt and singular interruption.

Morning, however, brought its explanation. On going on shore, we learned that information had been received by the Pacha of the intended flight of a party of Greeks from the city, and the officers in the Turkish boat had been sent to intercept them. It appeared that the commander of an Austrian vessel, in which they were to sail, had given notice of their intention to the Government, for the sake of a trifling reward, after having already been paid a considerable sum for their passage, and received on board the little portion of their property which they had been enabled to secure. The fugitives had been concealed in an obscure part of the bay when his boat had been sent to take them off; but instead of bearing them on board his own brigantine, he carried them in the course of the Turkish barge, as had been previously arranged.

As the Moslems, however, drew near, the young man who was the chief of the party, perceiving that they were betrayed, and that escape was impossible, started from his seat, and, plunging his yataghan in the breast of the treacherous Austrian, sprang with a girl who sat beside him into the waves. He sank instantly; but, unfortunately, the dress of the lady kept her above the water till drawn out by the Turks, and reserved to a deadlier fate. From all the circumstances of the affair, it immediately struck us that the individual who had perished was the unfortunate son of our amiable Greek friend, who had been thus attempting his flight with his bride; and our anticipations received a melancholy confirmation, when, on hasting towards their dwelling, we found it surrounded by Turkish soldiers; but, apparently, the inmates had fled: whither they had directed their wandering steps, we never learned.

But such is the life of the Smyrniot Greek.

A few evenings before we had been with them in their garden, amidst songs and smiles of joy and merriment; they had now gone from that happy home for ever, with the consciousness that their return, even at the most distant period, must be to indignity and death.

LETTER IV.

Ἀλλ' ἔχω κατὰ σοῦ ὅτι τὴν ἀγάπην σου τὴν πρώτην ἀφῆκας. Μνημόνευε οὖν πόθεν πέπτωκας, καὶ μετανόησον, καὶ τὰ πρῶτα ἔργα ποίησον· εἰ δὲ μὴ, ἔρχομαί σοι ταχὺ, καὶ κινήσω τὴν λυχνίαν σου ἐκ τοῦ τόπου αὐτῆς, ἐὰν μὴ μετανοήσῃς.

ΑΠΟΚΑΛ. ΙΩΑΝΝΟΥ. cap. 1. vv. 4, 5.

EPHESUS.

DEPARTURE FROM SMYRNA.—Our Equipage.—Tumulus of Andremon.—SEDICUL.—Sacred Fountain of St. John.—Scenery.—TERENDA.—Turkish Cöffee-house.—Introduction of Coffee into Europe.—Manner of preparing it in the Levant.—A Karavan Serai.—Mahometanism.—TOURBALI.—Turkish Fanatics.—Signs of the Destruction of the World.—Road to Ayasalook.—AYASALOOK.—Cave of the Seven Sleepers.—Castle.—Mosque.—Sarcophagus.—EPHESUS.—Stadium.—Theatre.—A Shepherd.—TEMPLE OF DIANA.—Solitude of the Scene.—Verses from Quevedo.

AFTER remaining a few days at Smyrna, we set out to pay a visit to the ruins of Ephesus, which are situated on the shore of

the Gulf of Skalanova, about thirty-five miles south of Smyrna. Our equipage consisted of a Greek servant, Spiridion, or, as he was usually called, Spiro; Achmet, a janissary; and an old Smyrniot, proprietor of the horses which we rode.

We left the city by the Karavan bridge, and took the road to Sedicui, a village about eight miles distant. The weather was, as usual, so parchingly warm as to be only tolerable during the prevalence of the Inbat breeze, which blows from the bay; and even this we were shortly deprived of by the intervention of a chain of low hills between us and the beach. About two miles from the village, near the road, is a tumulus of considerable dimensions, which is commonly, though, I believe, erroneously, pointed out as the burying-place of Andremon, the leader of the Ionian expedition which colonized this portion of Asia Minor. Sedicui is a prettily situated village, containing about two thousand inha-

bitants, seated at the foot of Mount Chorax, and governed by an Aga under the Pachalic of Smyrna. It possesses a mosque of very ordinary construction, and, as usual, a fountain beneath an arched wall raised above it, and ornamented with a marble slab containing a verse from the Koran.

The inhabitants seem miserably poor, though the grounds in the vicinity are richly cultivated, and produce a large proportion of the delicious fruit so abundant, and forming such a prominent characteristic in the streets of Smyrna. On this account, and the excellence of the situation, several of the English and Frank merchants have fixed their country residences in the vicinity. Near the village we passed a sacred fountain dedicated to St. John. Its waters are probably impregnated with minerals, and it has hence acquired the character of performing miraculous cures, in gratitude for which each devotee hangs a ribbon, or a stripe of cloth, on the trees around it,

which were covered with as many pennons and streamers as a Maltese galley on the festival of the aforesaid saint.

A great number of camels, laden with a variety of produce, were winding along the path as we left Sedicui; their monotonous bells, lazy measured pace, and lethargic countenances, being accurately in unison with the listless heat of the climate. The scenery was reposing and magnificent; the calm cultivated valley, and hills of graceful shape, the sun-scorched summits of which contrasted with the green verdure at their base. Occasionally a brawling stream, crossed by an arch of the most primitive construction, ran through long plains of aromatic shrubs, where armies of locusts and beautiful grasshoppers were chirping and leaping in the sultry heat. In some of the most romantic spots a Turkish hamlet gave life to the scene, surrounded by gardens where the humble but superb roses were blushing beneath the flowery branches of the peach and almond, and em-

bedded in groves of myrtle and of olive trees.* One who has formed his ideas of the Oriental myrtles from the weak and unhealthy plants which spring in the gardens and hot-houses of the North, must have but a faint idea of their real beauty. Even in Italy they are much superior to ours; and I remember to have seen one in the court-yard of the Academia dei Belle Arti, at Florence, whose stem was at least nine inches in diameter.

But in Greece and in the Levant they are really magnificent. In the Morea I have travelled for hours through an uncultivated track, whilst the groves of myrtle formed an almost

* The almond-tree with white flowers blossoms on the bare branches.—*Hasselquist.* See Moore's beautiful song.

"The hope in dreams of a happier hour,
That alights on Misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond flower
That blooms on a leafless bough:
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow both dreams and flowers will fade."

Lalla Rookh, p. 315.

continuous arbour above our heads, covered here and there with its delicate white flowers, and exhaling at every motion the most delicious perfume, whilst its dark polished leaves combined coolness with beauty.

It is such a scene as this that explains the phrase of Zachariah, "I saw by night, and behold a man riding upon a red horse, and he stood among the myrtle trees at the bottom of the valley:" (c. 1. v. 8.) And they are trees of dimensions such as I refer to, that preserve the consistency of the phrase of Isaiah: "I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the myrtle, and the oil tree. I will set in the desert the fir-tree, the pine and the box." c. xli. v. 19.

Shortly after sunset we reached a little village called Terenda, where we halted for the night in a miserable coffee-house, which could barely afford us accommodation for our horses, and carpets and cushions for ourselves. We had, in the course of our ride, passed many of these coffee-houses, which seem as numerous, in

proportion, in the country, as in the crowded alleys of the town, and in which we always found numbers of visitors. The haughty and lethargic Turks were crowding round some amusing story-teller in one corner, and puffing long curling clouds from their amber chibouques; whilst, in the other, a group of noisy Greeks, over a pack of cards, were screaming and chattering like a cage of monkeys.

The prohibition of wine is, no doubt, the main cause of the prevailing passion for this exhilarating beverage among the Mussulmen; but its own merits must recommend it to the Greeks, who are equally attached to it, and who labour under no such penal restrictions. Three centuries have scarcely elapsed since its introduction into Turkey from Arabia Felix; and our earliest accounts show it to have become almost at once what we find it to-day, an absolute necessary of life to those of every rank; the morning, meridian, and nightly beverage of the luxuriously abstemious Islamite.

The manner of preparing it in the Levant differs materially from ours. The coffee is never roasted nor ground till about to be used, and is then considerably more burned and reduced to a finer powder than with us. In preparing it, a small tin vessel, holding exactly the quantity to be used, (generally about a wine-glass full,) is placed upon the fire, containing at the same time the coffee and sugar, all which are boiled together, poured into a little china cup, and, when the sediment has fallen to the bottom, drunk without any admixture of cream or milk.*

* One of the earliest, if not the *first*, account of coffee published in England was given by Henry Blount, who travelled in the Levant in 1634, who thus describes it, in his own quaint style, in speaking of the beverages of the Turks. "They (the Turks) have another drink, not good at meat, called coffee, made of a berry as big as a small bean, dried in a furnace, and beat to a powder of a soot colour, in taste a little bitterish; that they seethe and drink as hot as may be endured. It is good all hours of the day, but especially morning and evening, when to that purpose they entertain themselves in '*coffee-houses*,' which in all Turkey abound

Early the ensuing morning we started for Ayasalook, by the way of Hortena and Tourbali. The road was, as the day before, pic-

more than inns and ale-houses with us. It is thought to be the old *black-broth* used by the Lacedemonians, (!!!) and drieth ill humours in the stomach, comforteth the brain, never causeth drunkenness nor any other surfeit, but is a harmless entertainment of good fellowship."—*Vide Pinkerton*, vol. x. p. 263.

About ten years after this, a Greek servant introduced its use in England, and the first coffee-house was established in George-yard, Lombard-street, in 1652. The taste for this "black broth" seems to have gained ground amongst us as quickly as in Asia, since it was soon so universally consumed as to become an object of extensive importation, and a duty of 4*d.* per gallon on all that was manufactured, was laid on by Parliament in 1662.

At length the mania for it increased to such a degree, and the houses in which it was sold were so numerous, that the meetings at them became an object of suspicion to the unsettled Government of that period, and in 1672 we find an order of the Parliament, that all "coffee-houses shall be closed up, as affording a rendezvous for discontented factions, and becoming dangerous encouragers of sedition." How firmly it has held its ground we all know; though in the manner of using it we do its flavour by no means that justice of which it is capable.

turesque in the extreme: traversing plains covered with thyme and aromatic shrubs, where myriads of golden insects were sporting and sparkling in the sunbeams; occasionally winding through groves of myrtle and mastics, or passing by cottages situated in gardens of olives and cypresses. Throughout the entire route, vestiges of former edifices were visible at every step; and the walls of every modern building contained portions of wrought marble and mutilated inscriptions, evidently brought from some neighbouring ruin. Every incident seemed to speak the former extensive population of the district, and to contrast it with its present scattered habitations and impoverished resources.

Near Terenda (and in some other quarters of our route) we passed the ruins of a Khan, or Karavan Serai. The erection of such edifices of gratuitous accommodation are strictly enjoined by the edicts of Mahomet, and encouraged by the belief that alms-giving is the *only*

means of deprecating the vengeance of the Mussulman purgatory, that is, the torments inflicted by the angels Monkir and Nakir, who take penal possession of the body as soon as it is committed to the earth.

It is in such items as this that the advantages of the religion of the Prophet are contained; and, though its practice has been corrupted by a long series of ages, its theory abounding with such traits as these, renders it second to Christianity alone in the inculcation of precepts for the advantage and happiness of society; and Mahomet, however after-acts may have debased his progress, has certainly the merit of restoring the true worship of one undivided Godhead, and purifying the Kaaba from the defilements of idolatry.

His two grand institutes, polygamy and temperance, were admirably calculated, according to the information of the day, to advance the interests of Turkey: the first, by accomplishing the now exploded theory of political econo-

my, that the wealth of a nation consisted in a numerous population; and the second, by preserving vigorous and uncontaminated that national opulence, when once produced. It is vain, however, to deny that Mahometanism contained within itself the seeds of its own destruction; and, amidst a horde of others, the doctrine of predestination may alone be singled out as the main cause of the present decay of the Ottoman empire: its districts periodically ravaged by the plague, against which religion forbids them to take any preventive measures; its internal affairs neglected, from an over-confidence in the unassisted operations of Providence; and its commerce abandoned to strangers by the all-relying servants of an all-sufficient God.

The Karavan Serai consists of a square court-yard of ample dimensions, generally inclosing a fountain, or built convenient to it: it is surrounded on all sides by an arcade, divided into distinct apartments, where the traveller is per-

mitted to stable his horses, or the camel-driver his team, spread his carpet, and eat whatever provisions he may have brought, as neither wine, food, nor bedding is furnished him; and, on departing in the morning, a trifling gratuity to the gate-keeper of the Serai is all that is required of him, nor is even this compulsory.

The hamlet of Tourbali presented no objects of interest, save a few of the same imperfect fragments we had been encountering during the previous route. The road, for a few miles, continued wild, but highly picturesque, containing solely a few miserable huts. Here and there browsed over by flocks of goats and sheep, the level bushy plains stretched onward to the foot of Mount Galessus, or Aleman, the woody summits of which were long visible towering above them. Traversing these, we passed a bridge thrown across a branch of the Cayster, and entered upon a low narrow valley at the foot of the mountains; on one of the craggy

summits of which was perched the grey dilapidated castle of Kezelhizzar.

The tedium of this day's journey was, in a great degree, lightened by the sprightly sallies of our volatile domestic Spiro, who had by some means discovered that Achmet, our janissary, was one of a party now gaining ground in Turkey, who, calculating from the decay of their empire, and the daily fulfilment of the predictions of Mahomet with regard to the final resurrection, have come to a conclusion that the end of the world is nigh at hand.

Achmet had not long joined this sect, and had still about him all the freshness of a Neophyte; a long-drawn sigh would often put a period to intervals of total abstraction and reveries of active thought, which, however, were oftener broken in upon by the sarcasms of the mischievous Greek, all which the poor fellow took in good part, and seemed much more inclined to make a proselyte than to lose his temper. As we appeared to dis-

approve of the conduct of Spiro, and to sympathise with this new convert, he took considerable pains to explain to us, as far as a little knowledge of Linguâ Franca went, the principles of his doctrine; and the quiet style in which he did so, and the deep concern with which he mentioned past and approaching events, bore ample testimony to his sincerity; and, in good truth, to an orthodox Islamite, his arguments would be likely to afford considerable evidence of the proximity of the world's overthrow, though to us they were not quite so satisfactory.

The Mahometans, it appears, admit that the exact period of the resurrection is a secret to which Allah alone is privy; and even Gabriel, when interrogated by Mahomet, acknowledged his total ignorance on the point. The Prophet, however, contrived, through some less official channel, to obtain a slight acquaintance with the matter, and has furnished a table of signs by which its advent

may be prognosticated. These are pretty numerous, and divided into two classes, the higher and the lower; the exact proportion of each I do not remember, but I think they amount altogether to about thirty.

Of course it is impossible to recollect each severally, but many of those which our instructor mentioned have been accurately fulfilled, and, according to his account, very few now remain to complete the fulness of time. I can only recollect three of the lower signs, one of which was "the appearance of tumults and popular convulsion throughout the world;" this, Achmet said, was now in full operation, and had lately been instanced in the revolutions of Naples, Piedmont, Spain, and South America.

The other two were fulfilled by various individuals, but chiefly in the person of Mechmet Ali, the present Pacha of Egypt. The signs are "the elevation of mean individuals to exalted situations," and "the maid-servant

becoming the mother of her master." "Now Mechmet Ali," said he, "was a man of the most obscure extraction, and he married a woman who had been a slave (I think) at Salonica, and is now of course mother to Ibrahim Pacha." The others of this class are less distinct and important; they refer, as well as I can recollect, to "general apostasy throughout the world," (that is, of course, the Ottoman world,) now instanced by the Waahabees and others, and to the "revolt of the provinces of Irak and Syria," which have been actually in a state of partial insurrection, at intervals, for years back.

Of the higher signs, some are so ridiculous as to be morally impossible, and are solely characteristic of the egregious fancy of the Arab Prophet; such as "the rising of the sun in the West," (by which, however, Achmet contrived to typify the late independence of South America); "the advent of the beast which is to issue from the ground near the

Kaaba, or temple of Mecca, and is to be of such stupendous size that its head alone, when protruded from the ground, shall reach to heaven;" these, "together with the speaking of beasts and birds," and several others, equally preposterous, yet remain unaccomplished; but one of the most important, and to which all eyes are now eagerly bent, is "a war with the Greeks, and the consequent capture of Constantinople."

This item of Mahomet's creed I had often heard recounted in the Morea, and is, I think, the only portion of Islamism in which the Greeks place any confidence. A vast number of others regard the coming of Christ and antichrist, high winds, conflagrations, and eclipses, for all which Achmet had an anticipation or a legend; and he said he was now daily looking out for the destruction of the Kaaba, and the return of the Arabians to the worship of Allat and Al Uzza, and the idolatry from which Mahomet had purged them.

Altogether his theory was a most remarkable

one, and its accomplishment in many points served to give him complete confidence in the speedy fulfilment of the residue. His doctrine was less mysterious and fanciful than that of some of our modern expounders of "the Revelations;" and its obvious simplicity and total independence of chronology, are likely to produce for it numerous and ready converts.

He was a fine good-humoured fellow, and, as the impudent Greek rallied him on each item of his creed, every step of which seemed tending to the downfal of the Crescent, and the re-ascendency of the Cross, he merely replied by an easy smile, or with a sigh exclaimed, "Allah Kierim!" "God is great, and His will be done!" I regret much that I cannot recollect more of his details, which were in many points highly curious, as illustrative of the doctrines of the Koran.

It was long after sunset ere we reached Ayasalook, the modern Ephesus: the last few

hours of our route were wild in the extreme, and strongly reminded me of some of the minor passes of the Alps of Savoy. It was evening ere we entered a narrow valley, at the base of the Aleman, where the road threaded through defiles of the most romantic description, and wound through woody glens almost impervious from the rich intertwining of myrtles and aromatic shrubs.

We crept along beneath cliffs, whose fantastic and giant forms were magnified by the dimness of twilight, and from which we heard the screaming of the hawks, that were soaring round their summits. At length we descended the extremity of the mountain to the plain of Ephesus, and crossed the main stream of the Cayster, on a bridge built partly, as usual, with fragments from the neighbouring ruins. A mill was constructed a short distance below, and a natural fall in the river, formed into a reservoir by a low weir of stones and reeds. A

narrow and dangerous path winding round the hill brought us to Ayasalook, where we halted for the night in a miserable coffee-house.

After a sleepless night, we rose to commence our survey of Ayasalook and Ephesus; the former now consists of about thirty or forty wretched houses, chiefly built of mud and mutilated marble, or fragments from the wrecks of Ephesus. Around it in every direction spread extensive ruins of former edifices, prostrate columns, and desolated walls, whilst its castle in mouldering pride crowns the summit of a neighbouring hill; and these, together with the vestiges of a church dedicated to St. John, and the remaining arches of its splendid aqueduct, bespeak the former extent and importance of the widowed city. Ayasalook may date its origin, or at least its former greatness, from the termination of the fourteenth or the beginning of the fifteenth century, when, Ephesus being destroyed by the ravages of Mantakiah and Amir, its inhabitants retired hither from

their desolated and irreparable city, to which the progressive stagnation of the plain, from the overflowings of the Cayster and the Selinusian lakes, prevented their returning; and to this cause principally may, I think, be attributed the fact, that not one individual now inhabits the solitary valley and ruins of Ephesus.

After that period, Ayasalook suffered numerous vicissitudes during the wars of Timourlane and Solyman; but as its importance gradually died away with the departure of commerce and other causes, it at length fell to Time, the resistless conqueror of all, and now retains but a faint inscription on the page of history, and a mutilated skeleton of its edifices entombed in a sepulchre heaped around them by their own decay.*

* Near Ayasalook the inhabitants still show in the side of the hill the cave of Adolius, in which the seven youths, usually known by the name of "the seven sleepers," enjoyed that slumber which lasted 187 years, or, according to the Mahomedan tradition, between 300 and 400 years. The legend

The present inhabitants of Ayaşalook are chiefly Turks and a few miserable Greeks, who have long forgotten the language of their na-

goes to state, that during the persecutions of the Emperor Decius, these scions of the nobility of Ephesus retired to this cave for protection, where the tyrant immediately inclosed them with a barrier of ponderous stones.

They however, instead of starving, resorted to the Irish expedient for deafening the calls of hunger by sleep, and commenced a slumber which lasted till the reign of the Emperor Theodosius, during which, according to Mahomet, they were prevented from putrefying by Allah taking the trouble to turn their bodies occasionally and keep them fresh. At length Adolius, to whom the inheritance of the cave descended, removed the stones for the purpose of building, and their curtain being thus drawn aside, the seven gentlemen were awakened by the light of the sun in their eyes, and imagining, like Rip Van Winkle, that they had had merely an ordinary nap, one of the party set off to Ephesus, in order to procure something for dinner, when the length of his beard, the antiquity of his dress, and the age of the coin which he presented to the baker, led to a question and discovery of their adventures.

The items of this relation (which has found its way into all the legendary repositories of Christendom, and is to be traced among the wonderful tales of the Hartz Mountains,) are given by Gibbon with almost as much naiveté and elegance as the morçeau already alluded to in the "Sketch-book."

tion, but retain the name of its religion, and earn a wretched subsistence by tilling the unhealthly plains beneath. The castle, erected about the year 1340, is now in total ruin, its tottering buttresses encompassing merely a mass of overthrown buildings and heaps of decayed walls, embedded in high rank weeds, where the cameleon and the green metallic lizard lie basking in the sun, and where the snake and the jackal find a secure and seldom disturbed retreat. Its summit commands a superb and extensive view of the plains of the Cayster, the site of Ephesus, the windings of the river, and the distant hills of Galessus and Pactyas.

It is impossible to conceive a more depressing or melancholy prospect; on every side the speaking monuments of decay, a mouldering arch, a tottering column, or a ruined temple. Solitude seems to reign triumphant; the wretched inhabitants of the village are seldom to be seen, save in early morning, or in the cool of evening, when they sally from their

muddy habitations to labour in the plain, which would be impossible during the burning meridian heat. Neither motion nor sound is discernible, save the cry of the sea-bird on the shore, or the tinkling of a sheep-bell amid the ruins: all, all is silence and decay.

Ayasalook possessed no object to interest us: a large building at some distance from the town, formerly a Christian church dedicated to St. John, and latterly a Turkish mosque, is now a heap of rubbish and grass-grown walls; its halls deserted, its doors and windows torn out, rank weeds springing in its isles, while in its courts a few lofty trees add by their mournful waving to the solemnity of its desertion. Some large columns of granite are still left standing, and are said to have once belonged to the temple of Diana. In the walls are inserted certain inscribed marbles taken from a former building, which are now hasting to that destruction from which they had before been snatched; and the interior, after having served

Diana, Christ, and Mahomet, is now abandoned to the owl and the jackal.

A marble sarcophagus, almost shapeless from the effects of time, stands in the town, near the door of the coffee-house; its inscription and ornaments are obliterated, and from once enshrining the dust of some warrior or chieftain, it is now degraded into a watering-place for cattle. *Sic transit gloria!* Ephesus is no more, and such is its modern successor. Thus all the wealth of Crœsus, the genius of Ctesiphon, the munificence of Alexander, and the glory of Lysimachus, (to each of whom Ephesus was indebted,) have no other representative than the mouldering castle and mud-walled cottages of Ayasalook!

After breakfasting we set out for Ephesus, the ruins of which commence about half a mile from Ayasalook. We passed over to the foot of Mount Prion, or Lepre, at the base of which it was situated, and at every step we encountered some scattered fragment

of antiquity. The plain on which it once stood has now been extended to the distance of two or three miles, by the effects of the Cayster, and the portion formerly the harbour is now a mere marsh, from whence the sea has long since retreated.

The ground, in consequence of its frequent irrigations, is highly productive, and at the time of our visit was covered in many places with luxuriant crops. On the hill above, some traces of the former walls and a solitary watch-tower mark the extent of the city; and, amidst the scene of desolation far below, a ponderous pillar, or a shattered arch, serve faintly to indicate the giant grandeur of Ephesus, as the fossil remains of the mammoth give a dim idea of the stupendous beings of a former and a faded world.

On approaching the site of the ancient city from Ayasalook, one of the first objects of interest is the Stadium, portions of the remains of which still occupy its situation at

the base of Mount Prion; being built like the amphitheatre at Milo, Fiesole, and others, on an acclivity, so that natural seats were already raised for one-half the spectators. Here, the arches which supported the lower side still remain, together with some walls of considerable height, and a gate at the west end. Its immense area, of six hundred and eighty-seven feet, was under a crop of wheat, which, as it bent in graceful waves beneath the faint breeze from the valley, seemed to heave a long-drawn sigh over the surrounding scene of departed grandeur. When reclining on one of its mouldering seats, one cannot avoid feeling that there is a voice in its solitude and silence, which speaks louder to the heart than the congregated shouts of the multitude that once filled its benches; whilst the mental comparison of what it *was*, adds double loneliness to the consciousness of what it is.

North of the Stadium is an immense mass of confused ruins, intersected by a street,

parts of the ancient pavement of which may be distinctly traced; and are formed of immense blocks of stone, such as are still used in Florence and northern Italy for similar purposes.

At some distance from the Stadium are the remnants of the theatre in which Demetrius and the silversmiths of Ephesus raised the tumult against St. Paul, recorded in the Acts of the Apostles.* Its remains are pretty extensive, and cover a considerable space; a few straggling sheep were browsing within it, tended by an old man who seemed well versed in the antiquities of the spot. He was a native of a village two leagues distant, and had his ears cut off by Djezzar Pacha, of Acre, for some honourable service which he did not think proper to boast of. He seemed proud of his statistical knowledge, and was anxious that we should go round Mount Prion, in

* Chap. xix. v. 19, et seq.

order to see the tomb of Timothy, the companion of St. Paul.

He had got a Testament in modern Greek from an American missionary at Smyrna some time before, and was pretty familiar with its contents; but all the glory of Ephesus was, in his estimation, nothing in comparison to its possessing the tomb of this saint. He seemed very jealous of the Smyrniots claiming the honour of possessing the remains of St. Polycarp, whose tomb, he said, they could not have, as Polycarp was burned, and his ashes scattered to the winds. He was, however, wrong in both points, as the bones of Timothy were transferred to Constantinople, and there reinterred; and the body of Polycarp was not consumed. Irenæus states, that "the flame, forming the appearance of an arch, or the sail of a vessel filled with wind, was as a wall round the body of the martyr, which was in the midst, not as burning flesh, but

as burnished gold,* and he was finally stabbed to death by the Confector in the Stadium."

Passing the theatre, we reached the narrow valley between Prion and Mount Corissus, which, like all the surrounding spots, is strewn with the ruins of Paganism, Christianity, and Islamism: one of its most melancholy objects is the vestige of the city gate, which stands within it like a mouldering bridge above a streamless ravine; the living current that once rolled beneath it, has long since swept past to the sea of eternity. A temple of the Corinthian order lies at the opposite side of the valley, which was once dedicated to the God Julius: scarce a pedestal is now standing: the temple has faded with the worship of its patron: At some distance round the base of the hill is an almost deserted burying-ground, with a few cypresses and monuments.

After wandering over the plain, amid heaps of incongruous and unsatisfactory ruins, we

* Eusebius, book iv. chap. 15.

ascended the side of Mount Prion, from whence we had the scene beneath us like a map. The hill retains in many places the inequalities occasioned by carrying off its materials for building; and in others is hollowed out into cemeteries and tombs, said to possess an antiseptic quality. A faint wind was waving the few solitary trees that grew near us, and the sound of their branches appeared like an intrusion on the scene—it seemed to mock its silence.

Of the Temple of Diana not a stone remains; some arches in the morass are conjectured to have once supported it, as it was built in this situation to avoid the effects of earthquakes. This enormous edifice, of four hundred feet in length, supported by one hundred and twenty-seven pillars of sixty feet in height, and only finished in two hundred and twenty years after the commencement of its erection, has vanished like a temple of ice. Its site was formerly on the edge of the sea; it is now nearly three

miles removed from it, by the intervention of banks formed by the stream of the Cayster. Its singular disappearance is in some degree accounted for, by the sea having afforded a ready means for the removal of its materials in the early stages of its decay, and by the portions not used for later erections, or thus transported, having been since buried by the encroachments of the plain.

A more thorough change can scarcely be conceived, than that which has actually occurred at Ephesus. Once the seat of active commerce, the very sea has shrunk from its solitary shores; its streets, once populous with the devotees of Diana, are now ploughed over by the Ottoman serf, or browsed by the sheep of the peasant. It was early the strong-hold of Christianity, and stands at the head of the Apostolic Churches of Asia. It was there that, as St. Paul says, "the word of God grew mightily, and prevailed." Not a single Chris-

tian now dwells within it! Its mouldering arches and dilapidated walls merely whisper the tale of its glory; and it requires the acumen of the geographer, and the active scrutiny of the exploring traveller, to form a probable conjecture as to the very site of the "First Wonder of the World."

Nothing remains unaltered save the "eternal hills," and the mazy Cayster, the stream of which rolls on still changeless and the same. Whilst gazing over the solitary plain, one cannot avoid applying to Ephesus the apostrophe of Quevedo to the ruins of Rome.

Solo el Tibre quedó, cuya corriente
Si Ciudad la regó, ya sepultura
La llora con funesto son doliente.
O Roma, en tu grandeza, en tu hermosura,
Huyó, lo que era *firme*, y solamente
Lo *fugitivo* permanece y dura. *Quevedo.*

The Tyber's rushing stream alone endures,
And, as unchanged its golden tide it bears,

Round busied Rome a murmuring wave it pours,
And bathes her tomb with tributary tears.

Rome, of thy grandeur and thy pride, to-day
Nought but *a name* thy mouldering corse retains;
What seemed *eternal* long hath pass'd away,
And what was *fugitive* alone remains.

LETTER V.

Celeberrima urbs Laodicea imposita est Lyco fluminì, latera alluentibus Asopo et Capro; appellata primo Diospolis: dein Rhoas.

Pliny, lib. 5, cap. 29.

LAODICEA.

CHARACTER OF THE GENERAL SCENERY OF ASIA MINOR.—PYGELA. — SKALA NUOVA.—Sirocco wind. — Illustrated from the Bible.—Gipsies.—MEANDER.—INEK-BAZAAR, THE ANCIENT MAGNESIA AD MEANDRUM. — Sufferings from thirst.—Turkish Fountains similar to those in the Old Testament.—GUIZEL-HISSAR.—Scenery between Guizel-hissar and Sultan Hissar.—HISTORY OF SPIRO.—ASIAN MEADOW OF HOMER. — Greek bullets. — DENIZLI. — Our Greek host.—Situation of Females in Turkey.—INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE ON THE SITUATION OF WOMEN IN SOCIETY.—LAODICEA.—Singular fulfilment of the Scriptural denunciations against.—A storm.

THERE are few spots of earth visited by the traveller calculated to excite emotions more

melancholy than those experienced by such as have passed over even the most frequented portions of Asia Minor. Except in the immediate vicinity of its cities, he encounters few traces of life or civilization; all beyond is "barren and unprofitable;" his path lies across plains tenanted by the stork and the jackal, or over hills whence the eye wanders along valleys, blooming in all the luxuriance of neglected nature, or withering in loneliness and sterility. Throughout lands once adorned with the brightest efforts of genius and of art, and rife with the bustle and activity of a crowded population, his footstep will light upon nothing save the speaking monuments of decay, and his eye meet no living forms except those of his companions, or by chance a dim prospect of the weary caravan, that creeps like a centipede across the plain, or winds amidst the mazes of distant hills.

There are few scattered hamlets, and no straggling abodes of mankind; danger and

apprehension have forced the remnant of its inhabitants to herd together in towns for mutual security, and to leave the deserted country to the bandit and the beast of prey. The wandering passenger pursues his listless route surrounded by privations and difficulties, by fatigue and apprehension, few beaten tracks to guide his course, and few hospitable mansions to shelter his weariness. By night he rests beside his camel in the karavan-serai; and by day he hurries along with no comforts save those which he carries with him, and no companions but his thoughts. But these are sufficient, and they spring up with every breath and at every turning: his very loneliness is sublimity; his only prospect, beauty; he reclines upon earth, whose every clod is a sepulchre of greatness, and he is canopied by a sky

> "So cloudless, pure, and beautiful,
> That God alone is to be seen in heaven."

Our route towards Laodicea, on leaving Ephesus, lay along the plains that separate

Mount Pactyas from the Gulf. Having passed the extremity of Coryssus, we entered on a valley partially cultivated, and sunk amidst hills, on which we could trace the frequent remains of an extensive aqueduct; and in about an hour from leaving Ayasalook we came in sight of the few vestiges of buildings which are pointed out as occupying the situation of the ancient Pygela, but which are now too faint to give any idea of their former extent: from hence a few miles brought us to Skala Nuova.

This shore, like all in the vicinity of the Cayster, has undergone most important changes during the lapse of time. Many of those spots the most memorable in ancient mythology, are sought for in vain along it. Pygela is no longer a sea-port;* Marathesium and Neapolis are

* "Polyxenides, satis omnibus comparatis, nocte remigio à Magnesia arcessito, deductisque raptim quæ subductæ erant navibus; quum diem non tam in apparatu absumpsisset, quam quod conspici proficiscentem classem nolebat, post solis occasum, profectus septuaginta navibus tectis, vento adverso, ante lucem *Pygela portum* tenuit."—Liv. lib. xxxvii. cap. ii.

no more; and even the favourite haunt of Diana, Ortygia, on the groves and shrines of which the wealth of Ephesus was lavished, is but *conjectured* to be the valley I have mentioned at the extremity of Coryssus. Skala Nuova, called by the Turks Kushadasi ("The Island of Birds"), is a town of modern construction, situated on a declivity above the sea; of which, and of the mountains of Samos, it commands a splendid prospect, and from which it must itself form an object of extreme beauty; its graceful minarets and waving cypresses rising at intervals amidst its whitened houses, and its dilapidated castle towering gloomily above them.

It was formerly the grand depôt of trade between Samos and the adjacent towns of Ayasalook, Inek-bazaar, and Guizel-hissar: but since the commencement of the Greek revolt, it has suffered considerably in its commerce. The Samians, too, have lately committed frequent ravages within it, and on the lands in the

vicinity, when forced from their mountain fastnesses by hunger or oppression; but still its situation and harbour (partially sheltered by an opposite island in the bay) must continue to render it a place of material importance.

Skala Nuova was formerly the residence of the Archbishop of Ephesus, but he has lately removed to Vourla, on the Gulf of Clazomene; the decay of Christianity in this district being probably the motive of his transfer; the town, however, contains one church, dedicated to St. Elias, whilst the turrets of the Prophet rise in every direction around it. The irregular conformation of the grounds in the neighbourhood is admirably adapted to the cultivation of vines; and the wine of the country has acquired considerable celebrity throughout the Archipelago; but to our taste it possessed few attractions, its excellence having, I suppose, declined with the encouragement for its manufacture.

We spent the night in the house of a Greek family, where our servant procured us quarters; and the following morning set out for Guizel-hissar, the ancient Tralles, situated about eight or nine hours to the eastward. The first few miles lay across a hilly and irregular country, intersected by precipitous streamlets and gloomy ravines, and traversed by a road which was passable, and little more.

Our spirits, too, were nothing lightened by the oppressive breath of a hot Sirocco, which commenced blowing during the night: this corroding wind * is no doubt the same which is referred to in the 19th chapter of 2nd Kings; which the Lord was to send for the destruction of Sennacherib. "Behold I will send *a blast* upon him, and he shall hear a rumour and return to his own land." Its depressing effects can only be conceived by those who have suffered from them; the unwonted dulness with which it overcasts even the most active mind; the deep-

* See Letter I., p. 2.

drawn sighs it will elicit; and if there be one melancholy feeling which presses on the heart more heavily than another, the ample developement which it enjoys during the prevalence of this enervating breeze.

It seldom, however, blows with force; it is rather an exhalation than a wind. It scarcely moves the leaves around the traveller, but it sinks heavily and damply in his heart. A stranger is at first unaware of the cause of the mental misery he endures; his temper sours as his spirits sink; every person, and every circumstance, annoys him; it effects even his dreams, and sleep itself is not a refuge from querulous peevishness; every motion is an irritating exertion, and he trudges along in discontent and unhappiness, sighing, and thinking of home, and attempting to philosophise on the arrant folly that could induce him to leave England for an hour to come to such a dismal, miserable, uninteresting banishment as the Levant.

Our route was one of the most frequented in the Pachalic, as it leads from the principal port to the principal town, and is thence the high way which the caravans take to Konia and Kesaria.

A little beyond a hamlet, the name of which I forget, where we halted about mid-day to rest for an hour in the shade, we were overtaken by a small troop of Zingari, or gipsies, whom we afterwards encountered in a recess of the valley a little farther on, where they had pitched their goat-skin tent.

A few wretched ponies were fastened near a fountain, and numbers of fierce-looking red dogs were prowling about; but only the women of the party were visible, who were cooking their meat by a temporary fireplace; whilst the men were enjoying the seldom omitted luxury of a mid-day sleep in the shade.

About noon we gained a view of the Meander from the top of an adjacent hill; its tortuous current winding like a silver thread amidst

plantations of olives and vines, for the culture of which, and of figs, the country is celebrated. We had left to our right the modern town of Inek-bazaar, on the site of the ancient Magnesia ad Meandrum. Our limited time did not permit us to visit it. It would have been an equally good route to Guizel-hissar from Skala Nuova, as we afterwards learned, but our servants had been otherwise directed: I should, however, have anxiously desired to see it as the last estate of Themistocles, and the spot which afforded a death-bed to the hero of Salamis and Corcyra; and in whose forum, according to Cornelius Nepos, Artaxerxes raised a statue to the memory of him, his most determined enemy.*

It was night ere we reached our destination, and never did we descry a resting-place with more satisfaction; as, in addition to the intolerable depression of spirits which we had been labouring under during the day, we had

* Vide Cor. Nep. vita Themist. cap. x.

in the afternoon to struggle with all the agonies of excruciating thirst. Our dinner had been helped out by the aid of some salt-meat which we had brought from Skala Nuova, and washed down with draughts of fiery wine, which soon produced an effect far from composing or agreeable.

The sun was setting as we ascended the last chain of gently sloping hills, and with the departure of daylight our tortures commenced, as it was too dark to see any of the fountains charitably erected by the Turks along the road,* and not one friendly stream now crossed

* These fountains are to be met with every two or three miles throughout Turkey. The water gushes from the centre of a square wall, generally six or eight feet in height, and falls into a stone trough below, whence it is drank by the cattle. Above, a slab inscribed with a verse from the Koran, is the only ornament, with the exception of some marble facings, occasionally added at the sides of the wall. The construction of these edifices seems to have undergone no alteration from the earliest periods; and the description of the interview between Rebecca and the servant of Abraham

our path, though we had hurried over hundreds disregarded in the morning. In vain we looked abroad for some welcome light which might give a promise of relief; but not an object met our eye, except the gloomy ravine around us, and the bleak hills which threw their giant shade across the starless sky. To add to our sufferings, the road was execrable, formed of loose stones, which had fallen from the banks on either side. Over this we were forced to pass, every second step a stumble,

at the well is perfectly characteristic of the customs of the East at the present day.

"And the servant ran to meet her, (Rebecca,) and said, 'Give me a little water to drink of thy pitcher.'

"And she answered, 'Drink, my lord:' and quickly she let down the pitcher on her arm and gave him to drink.

"And when he had drank, she said, 'I will draw water for thy camels also, till they all drink.'

"And *pouring out the pitcher into the troughs*, she ran back to the well to draw water, and, having drawn, she gave to all the camels."

Genesis, xxiv. 17, 18, 19, 20.

from which weakness almost prevented our recovering, and our tongues absolutely rustling against our parched palates. At last we reached the town of Guizel-hissar, and, without waiting to arrive at our khan, attacked at once the muddy stream which flows through the centre of it; and having luxuriated in its impure but invaluable waters, hastened to stretch our weary limbs on a heap of wool in the karavanserai, and await the morning light to pursue our march.

As this was one of the longest day's journeys we had made, our fatigue the succeeding day was proportionate. The town contains few objects to arrest our attention, more than are usually presented by those of equal extent in Turkey. Some antiquities are said to remain of the ancient Tralles, the scite of which it occupies, but we did not see them. The streets are wide and well laid out, and an unusual number of stately trees and cypresses wave

amidst the gardens with which they are lined.

Having taken a cup of delicious coffee, we started early for Sultanhissar and Nosli, by a path lying along well-cultivated plains, and occasionally traversing the base of the slight hills which shoot down from Mount Messogis on our left towards the Meander. Some bubbling streams crossed our route, and in the more secluded points we met with several fountains erected by the Turks for their own ablutions or the convenience of the traveller, while frequent fragments of antiquity marked the decay of population and importance. In about four hours we reached the old fortress and village of Sultanhissar, the ancient Nysa, which had the honour of affording a school for the studies of Strabo the geographer.

It now contained no objects of importance to detain us; and having crossed the mountain torrent which flows through the town, we pursued our route to Nosli, where we proposed

halting for the night. Our road was equally delightful with that in the morning, lying along the plains of the Meander, and passing through a country abounding in vineyards and olive-groves, which continued to the village, where we, as usual, got apartments in a miserable hut, and slept upon our cloaks spread over straw, our own canteen furnishing our supper, and our servant Spiro never failing to discover where the best wine was forthcoming.

This genius was a perfect illustration of his class: to us I believe he was undeviatingly faithful; but of too scrupulous honesty towards others we had certainly no reason to impeach him, as there were few of the hamlets we passed through in which he did not levy a contribution of fowls or other portable forage which fell within his reach. These he never failed to produce on the most urgent and least expected occasions: his good humour was unfailing, and his vivacity sufficient to enliven a whole caravan.

His name was Demetraki, and his father an inhabitant of the barren island of Seriphos, one of the most susceptible and least productive spots of the Cyclades. Here he spent the first years of his life, till, in consequence of an agreement between his father and a Hydriot Reis, he was to have been sent with the levy of seamen for the Turkish fleet, annually furnished by that island and others, in order to purchase immunity from the presence of the Moslemins among them. This arrangement did not, however, suit Spiro; the narrow compass of a kirlangitsch or caravella was too confined a sphere for his enlarged ideas, and a sneaking affection for a young black-eyed Serphiot served to heighten his aversion to the naval honours destined him by the Sultan. Accordingly, when the period of his departure approached, a violent and sudden contraction of the sinews of his leg incapacitated him totally from active exertion by sea or land.

Unfortunately his name had been entered in

the list, and when the Tshawoosh of the Capitan Pacha arrived to convey him to the Dardanelles along with his comrades, the keen eye of the Byzantine saw through the deception in spite of his lusty yells as often as they attempted to straighten his limb or feel for the contracted sinew. Spiro had some suspicions of his shrewdness from his manner, and was resolved not to await the result of his deliberations. Accordingly, when he had learned that the boat had put off with the Tshawoosh towards the caravella in the offing, he sprang from his bed with an agility that highly astonished his afflicted mother and his anxious sisters, and flew to bid farewell to his innamorata, and make his escape to some neighbouring island till the storm should blow past. Full of these affectionate resolutions, he was skipping down from the lofty rock, on which the town of St. Nicholas is perched like a dovecote, when in one of the narrow passages he encountered the "Nostruomo" of the vessel, who was returning in order

to make trial of the efficacy of the bastinado in drawing down the painful malady from his knee to his sole.

Spiro sprang backwards with an activity commensurate with his late miraculous recovery, and was quickly followed by the posse comitatus of his affectionate shipmates: his superior topographical knowledge, however, gave him an infinite advantage, and, having eluded his pursuers, he succeeded in gaining the beach, and at nightfall set sail in a fishing boat for the adjacent island of Milo, where a relative of his father had realized a considerable property by piloting European vessels through the Arches. By the assistance of his cousin he was stowed on board a Maltese brig, which conveyed him to Naples, where he commenced the profession of courier to travellers, in which occupation he contrived to make the "grand tour" ere he again returned to Seriphos and exchanged his gilt waistcoat and varnished cap for his native phes and cotton shaksheer.

The cliffs of the island, however, were soon too uninteresting to satisfy his unsettled disposition, and though he daily wandered over the rocks which had been immortalized by the exploits of Perseus and the head of Medusa, and strolled through the haunts of Cassius Severus, and many a banished Roman,* what were these to one whose travels had exceeded even those of Perseus, and to whom Imperial Rome itself had been but a halting-place from more remote excursions! So thought Spiro; and without taking long to deliberate, he sailed by the first vessel which touched at Corfu, and entered into the service of the Venetians, who then held possession of the Ionian Islands.

During the few succeeding years he had, without once changing his residence, served

* Seriphos was one among the numerous places of banishment which the Archipelago supplied to the victims of the Roman emperors. C. Severus was sent hither by Augustus, according to Tacitus; and Strabo and Juvenal both mention the island among the list of state prisons.

successively under the standard of St. Mark, the tricolour of the French Republic, and the eagle of the North, till, finding Corfu too hot for him, he crossed over one night, with a few of his comrades from the guard-room, to Butrinto, and thence making his way to Yannina, enlisted under the horse-tails of "Aslan the Lion," who in a few months rewarded him for his flattering preference, by taking off his right ear and pulling out a few of his superfluous teeth. Not finding Ali quite so congenial a master as he had hoped, he contrived to be one of a party who were sent on a private mission to Saloniki; but from thence Spiro forgot to return with his answer.

The scene of his after-exploits comprised the greater portion of Turkey and Egypt;—but it would be endless to attempt following him through the varied employments in which he subsequently embarked. These he himself recounted with infinite humour, when at night he gathered in his companions round the wood-

fire in our quarters. During his sojourn among the Franks, he had conceived an affection for the cigar above the chibouque, and he never commenced his details without one. With it his action was a perfect counterpart to his eloquence, as he was complete master of all the puffs, elevations, and suspensions adequate to give due force and effect to his recital. He was an admirable proficient at all manly exercises—leaping, wrestling, rowing, riding, and throwing the djereed; and with a pistol, even in spite of his ill-shaped bullets,* he was an unerring aim.

In point of orthodoxy he was unusually liberal: he was totally undecided, he said, between the Ikonoclasts and the Latins. He had known so much villany of the one, and seen so

* The Greeks are, in general, wretchedly bad shots, as well from the quality of their weapons as from an absurd custom of never cutting off the tag left by the mould on the bullet, which they preserve in order to fasten the end of the paper to it in making a cartridge; and of course this appendage must render irregular the direction of the shot when fired.

much that was amiable attached to the other, that practice alone kept him a Greek, although prejudice had considerable influence in preventing him becoming a Romanist. For the Turks, and for Achmet, our janissary, in particular (with a bow,) he entertained a most honourable predilection. But there was one point that must ever deter him from a profession of Islamism—the Fast of the Ramadan, which he said he might support well enough during the short winter-days, but when it verged towards the summer solstice,* his stomach could never endure such protracted inanition; and Paradise, with all its Houries, could yield but slight compensation for such lengthened privations. As to his ultimate happiness, he was, however, perfectly easy; as the last time he had been to Seriphos he had gone to Bello Paulo, a small island in the Ægean inhabited by a holy

* The Arabian year being lunar, each month runs through the course of the four seasons in the space of thirty-three years.

hermit, from whom he purchased the virtue of seven years' penance by a gift of tobacco and rosoglio.

In order to get on as far as possible towards Denizli before sunset, we started from Nosli before the dawn of morning. For some hours we hurried on in darkness, watching the gradual breaking-up of night; at length the mists which wreathed around Taurus and Tmolus "melted into morn," and light awoke the world. The broad crimson sun burst above them, and lighted up the valley through which we were winding, gilding the heights of Mount Messogis on our left, and on our right glancing in the glittering stream of the Meander, which rolled along its serpentine current between banks blooming in Eden-like verdure.

This portion of the country seemed more populous than hitherto: hamlets and villages were more frequent, and large flocks, principally of black sheep, were browsing around the

hills. The scenery all the day was diversified and romantic in the extreme: the ponderous range of mountains now advancing boldly towards the plain and the river, and now opening out into long vistas of luxuriant valleys. In one of these recesses, but far to the north of our march, is a plain, supposed to be the Asian meadow of Homer and Virgil.

At length we crossed the Meander at a ferry, about three hours from Carura, and put up for the night at a hamlet on the track to Denizli. We were now on the borders of Caria and Phrygia, and in a district so subject to subterranean fires and motions of the earth as to be denominated the Calabria of Asia Minor; most of its streamlets possess the quality of petrifaction, and of leaving in their course a strong calcareous or earthy deposit; and throughout the entire district hot springs are frequently to be met with. We reached Denizli the following day, and took up our lodgings with a Greek, who volunteered the kindness to us.

Denizli, which originally sprang from the ruins of Laodicea and Colosse, both which are at a short distance from it, is now hurrying to the same decay in which they are merged. Nearly seventy years have elapsed since twelve thousand of its inhabitants were destroyed by an earthquake, and the remnant of its population seems to have chosen rather to settle at a distance, than again to tempt its treacherous shelter. It contains at present a greater number of Christians than any other quarter of the Pachalic, upwards of seven hundred Greeks and Armenians having their churches within its walls, but all seem miserably poor and wretched.

Our host, who lived in one of the leading streets, supported himself and a brother by the sale of leather and the manufacture of papooshes. He felt extremely interested in the success of his countrymen in the Morea; and it appeared that his object in proffering us his hospitality was to learn some news from Greece,

and to solicit our advice (as having probably visited the country) as to the propriety of abandoning his home and joining their cause. It is remarkable that this enthusiasm I have always found merely at a distance from the seat of war; in Greece itself such patriotism is rare. Our host, however, allowed himself to be persuaded of the inefficiency of his proffered service, and the truth of the fact, that in the Morea there were more soldiers than the Government can well make use of.

His house was situated in a court-yard, the opposite side of which was occupied by the dwelling of a Greek lady and her daughter: the latter was said to be extremely beautiful, but, though she had lived for five years beside him, our entertainer had never yet seen her, nor did she ever cross the threshold. This rigid regulation of society, which he assured us was common enough here, is much more severe than any that I had met with among Greeks before. He attributed it, however, to

the tyranny and turbulence of the Turks, which being infinitely more galling and oppressive here, and in the interior, than at Smyrna, or along the coast, obliges the Christians to resort to such extraordinary precautions to ensure the honour and security of their families.

Perhaps, too, the feeling may have in it as much of inclination as necessity on the part of the Greeks; for I have invariably observed, that the farther we progress towards the south in any country, the situation of females becomes more deplorable and unhappy. In northern latitudes alone woman is the better-half of creation; as we draw towards more genial climes she gradually merges into equality, inferiority, a deprivation of her rights and dignity, and at last, in the vicinity of the line, a total denial of a reasoning principle or an immortal essence, which might enjoy in another world those privileges of which she is tyrannically debarred in this.

In countries north of our own, the absence of

refinement has deprived affection in some degree of its polish; but still its details show it to be like the phosphorescent stone of Bologna, rude but glowing. Our accounts of our Scandinavian neighbours, for instance, place their females even above our own: in Norway, they occupy that distinguished place in society for which Nature has clearly intended them: in every situation they are the companions and "helpmates" of man, and share alike in his amusements and his intellectual pursuits. "In conversation," says Dr. Clarke, "they take the lead; nor has the odious custom of ladies retiring into solitary seclusion after dinner been introduced among them; *—and in Sweden," he observes, in speaking of the family with which he was domesticated, that "the happiness of his host seemed to consist entirely in the education of his children and the conversation of his amiable wife."†

Again, "The Fins," says the same author,

* See vol. x. p. 235. † See vol. ix. p. 298, 322, &c.

" are superior to the Russians, in every amiable qualification;"* and even the rough exterior of the Russian, I speak of the northern provinces, is superior to their southern neighbours in Prussia and in Germany. Of this two instances may suffice. In Germany women, in mixed society, are never permitted even to sit along with men; and in Prussia, during one of the late years, there were three thousand divorces out of a population of ten millions!†

The ladies of France would, perhaps, come nearest to our own in point of domestic government; but even here it must be admitted, that the exterior of affection is too highly gilded to be real; that love is rather a foppery than a feeling, and domestic enjoyment " almost a tale of a foreign land:" in fact, their language contains no word expressive of the ideas which an Englishman attaches to the monosyllable

* See vol. x. p. 47.

† See Russell's Germany, vol. ii. p. 72.

"home." Proceeding along the map a little farther towards the south, the ladies of Spain and Italy would probably come upon a par in point of importance, though widely distinct in their several modes of life. But does not the grim tyranny of the duenna over the one imply as much degradation in its institution, as the cavalier servente of the other involves levity and contempt in the toleration permitted to him?

It is scarcely needful to mention Greece, but it is a link of the chain; and here even beauty seems to have shrunk beneath the withering touch of slavery, and woman, too, to have faded with the crumbling wreck of her greatness. From the habits of seclusion to which they are subjected by the tyrannized slaves who possess them, every trace of what we call "Grecian beauty" has departed. I never saw a striking figure, and scarce a lovely face, throughout the country; and their servile occupations, and the domestic despotism to which they are subjected,

differ but in a shade from those of their Moslemin lords, from whom they have been imitated.

In Turkey, female degradation is proverbial; woman possesses there beauty alone, without the attributes of intellect, and becomes the footstool, in place of the companion and supporter, of her lord. Still farther south, in Palestine and Syria, the disgusting° series attains its acmé of abhorrent developement; and the situation of females is in no degree removed from the classification originally made, by which a man's "wife, and his slave, his maid-servant, his ox, and his ass," are equally defended from the covetousness of his neighbour.* To conclude, the ancient form of

* The words עֶבֶד (gnebed) and אָמָה (amah) in the seventeenth verse of the twentieth chapter of Exodus, above alluded to, which are rendered in our version "*man-servant* and *maid-servant*," signify, literally, *bondsman* or *slave*, and *bondswoman*; in which sense they are applied in the forty-fourth verse of the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus, in contradistinction to שָׂכִיר (sakir), which signifies a *hired* ser-

salutation among the Arabs, was one which totally deprecated the birth of females as a misfortune, and prayed for male children only as the descendants of its errant warriors, *Felix agas, maresque parias, non femellas,* "May you be happy, may your children be boys, and may the evil tidings of an infant daughter never meet your ear." In the mass, this estimate is correct; and in the details, it is equally consistent with itself. Compare, for example, the situation of females in the north of Germany, with the account of Vienna given by Mr. Russell in his "Germany," vol. ii. p. 280, which presents us with a picture of depravity too disgusting to be quoted, and almost too hideous to obtain even a par-

vant, not a slave by possession. But innumerable instances occur throughout the Old and New Testaments, of passages which depict the subordinate situation of women, and inculcate the superiority of *male children* above *females. Ex. gr.* Gen. iii. 16; Jer. i. 37; Levit. xii. 4, 5; John xvi. 21; 1 Cor. xi. 8, 9; xiv. 34; 1 Tim. ii. 11; and a thousand others.

tial credence. Compare the light and graceful contadina of Tuscany with the wretched peasantry of Naples or Calabria. Contrast the Spaniards of Leon or Galicia with those of Seville or Grenada; or the daughter of an Albanian Kleft with the child of a Messinian or Mainote.* I remember, too, that Captain Cochrane, in his singular tour through Siberia, mentions, in speaking of the Rascolnics of Valdimir, that "they are kind and friendly people, and excellent husbands" (vol. i. p. 91); but he scarcely proceeds many versts farther to the south till at Semipalatinsk he meets with a husband correcting his spouse with a stick the thickness of his thumb!" (vol. i. p. 118.)

This feeling, too, seems to have given a

* "Les voyageurs qui parcouraient La Messenie avaient lieu de s'étonner de son indolence et de son apathie. Si les femmes s'acquittaient avec plus d'activité *de travaux du menage et des champs* (!) ce pesant fardeau imposé au sexe le plus faible paraissait n'attester également que les malheurs de la nation." —*La Grèce par M. Depping*, vol. ii. p. 121.

tinge to the various casts of religion. The principles of our own mild creed inculcate a subjection in females, much more rigorous than that which we usually exact from them;* and it is an undisputed fact, that in northern climates the favourite saints are selected from the female side of the calendar, whilst in the south the share of popularity is monopolized by St. Peter, St. Paul, or St. Nicholas. This theory, which I might illustrate by a thousand

* Does not Lord Byron somewhere assert that the Scotch and Irish make much better husbands than the English? Now, two-thirds of England lie to the south of the latter, and it is altogether lower in this scale of *affectionate* geography than the former. I trust that our young ladies will be inclined to take a useful lesson from these undigested hints, not only as to a proper topographical choice in their selection of their husbands, but as to the due qualifying study of their maps; which may prove as advantageous as the knowledge of grammar, inculcated by the Arabian tale of M. G. Lewis. By the same standard, too, they must be as choice in their counties as their countries, never failing to prefer a Northumbrian to a Kentish or Cornish man; a native of Orkney to one from Dumfries; and never to look at a lover from Cork, as long as they can have one from the Causeway!

instances, (not in one solitary line, but from east to west of the globe,) can, in my opinion, be accounted for solely on the grounds that, in the south, Nature has done so much for man, that little of his happiness is to be sought beyond her; while, in the north, her gifts have been comparatively so scanty that to complete the measure of his comforts, he is forced to invoke the aid of

"Heaven's last but kindest gift."

The remains of Laodicea, which are about three miles distant from Denizli, are situated on a low hill at the extremity of a plain, on either side of which flow the Asopus and Caprus* to join the Lycus a short distance from the ruins. The remains of an aqueduct are the first which meet the eye on approaching from Denizli; but around the hill, in every

* The course of the Caprus seems to have been changed, as Dr. Pococke mentions four piers of a bridge standing in the plain to the east of the present river, under which it had probably flowed.

direction, are remnants of theatres, an amphitheatre, an odeum, &c.; all which, from the solidity of their materials, or the circumstance of their being sunk into the hill, have been enabled to resist the shocks of earthquakes or of time. Interspersed with these are the vestiges of ruined walls, arches, inscribed slabs of stone, fallen columns, and sarcophagi; but not one perfect or very striking object meets the eye, all is alike desolate and decayed. The hill appears one tumulus of ruins, from which the masses of faded buildings that present themselves seem bursting above the surrounding soil. No wretched outcast dwells in the midst of it; it has long been abandoned to the owl and to the fox.

Alternately under the dominion of the Romans and the Turks, and ravaged by the successive wars and invasions of the generals of the Lower Empire, and the sultans who succeeded them, the history of Laodicea is a mere

alternation of vicissitudes; earthquakes and internal commotions have conspired to aid the ravages of man,* and centuries have perhaps elapsed since its total abandonment. Eski-hissar, a miserable village which has sprung from its ruins, contains about fifty inhabitants, of whom two only are Christians, and possess a small mill in the hamlet.

It is a melancholy and repulsive scene; and our only anxiety, after wandering for a few hours amidst the unsatisfactory ruins, was to hurry on towards Allah Shehr, the modern Philadelphia, and if possible, to visit the Seven Churches of Asia before the expiration of our limited time forced us to return to Smyrna. To Laodicea the most summary of the denunciations contained in the messages to the Apocalyptic churches is directed—that of total subversion.†

* "Eodem anno ex illustribus Asiæ urbibus, Laodicea, tremore terræ prolapsa, nullo à nobis remedio, propriis viribus revaluit."—*Tacitus, Ann.* l. xiv.

† "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot.

It has been awfully acomplished. The name of Christianity is forgotten, and the only sounds that disturb the silence of its desertion are the tones of the Muezzin, whose voice from the distant village proclaims the ascendency of Mahomet. Laodicea is even more solitary than Ephesus: the latter has a prospect of the rolling sea, or a whitening sail, to enliven its decay; the former sits in widowed loneliness, its walls are grass-grown, its temples desolate, its very name has perished.

Whilst we sat upon the bank of its amphitheatre, the dense, waxy clouds seemed gathering for a storm, and hurried past us swollen with their tempestuous burthen; a gloomy shadow enveloped the summits of Mount Cadmus, that had a moment before been glittering in the sunshine; and at length a distant muttered thunder warned us away, and we hurried on

I would thou wert cold or hot. So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth."—*Rev.* iii. 15, 16.

to the village where we had sent our horses. When the storm had passed, we left Eski-hissar amidst lowering clouds and misty rain; but we preferred hastening on, to a further delay in that melancholy spot, where every thing whispered desolation, and where the very wind that swept impetuously through the valley, sounded like the fiendish laugh of Time exulting above the overthrow of man and his proudest monuments.

LETTER VI.

Οὐκ ἄπωθεν δὲ τούτων τῶν πολίων, οὐδ' ἡ Μαγνησία ἐστὶν ἡ ὑπὸ Σιπύλῳ, ἐλεύθερα πόλις ὑπὸ Ρωμαίων κεκριμένη· καὶ ταύτην δ' ἐκάκωσαν οἱ νεωστὶ γενόμενοι σεισμοί. *Strabo, lib.* 13.

PHILADELPHIA, SARDIS, &c.

RUINS OF HIERAPOLIS.—Petrified Cliffs.—A Renegade.—An Earthquake.—Scenery.—Turcomans.—Their Indentity with the tribes of Kedar in the Old Testament.—History of PHILADELPHIA.—Description of her situation and remains.—Wall of Petrified Reeds.—River Cogamus.—Interior of a Greek Church.—Road to Sardis.—TARTAR KEUY.—Kara Osman Oglou.—SARDIS.—A Caravan.—Temple of Cybele.—Greek Cookery.—Adventure at the Pactolus.—BARROWS OF HALYATTYS AND GYGES.—PERGAMUS AND THIATYRA.—Remarkable fulfilment of the prophecies in the Revelations concerning Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamus, Thiatyra, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea.—The Golden Sands of the PACTOLUS.—TURGUTLI.—Want of wheel carriages a main cause of the filthiness of Turkish towns.—MAGNESIA AD SIPYLUM.—Amurath the Second.—Magnets on the Mountain.—Return to Smyrna.

LEAVING Laodicea on the right, we recrossed the tributary streams of the Lycus, and re-

turning, for a short distance, in the same direction by which we had approached the ruins, regained the bank of the Mæander, the turbulent current of which now dashed with impetuosity along its shallow channel, swollen by the recent tempest. We passed the river and took the road to Bullada, through a romantic valley which wound between the towering heights of Messogis. The storm had ceased, and the dark curtain of gloomy clouds rolled back from hill to hill, save a few filmy vapours which hung motionless in the upper sky, apparently beyond the influence of a sharp wind which rushed impetuously from the recesses of the mountain.

Our time did not permit us to visit the remains of Hierapolis, though at a very few miles distance from our route, but we had a distinct view of the celebrated petrified cliff; its snowy whiteness contrasted vividly with the dark brown hills around it,* and now forming the

* Of this singular phenomenon, which is either a stalactytic deposit, or is formed by the precipitation of the salts

main attraction of what was once the "Bath" of Asia; the town, however, is still interesting on account of architectural as well as picturesque remains; but necessity combined with fatigue obliged us to hurry onwards.

Leaving the ruins of Tripolis, in the distance on our right, and passing through numerous hamlets scattered amongst the hills, we arrived late in the evening at Bullada, a Turkish town of considerable extent, and built like almost all through which we had passed, on either side of a stream, the current of which might have

contained in the streams of the mountain, Dr. Chandler gives the following description: "Our tent stood on a green dry spot beneath the cliff. The view before us was so marvellous, that a description of it, to bear even a faint resemblance, ought to appear romantic. The vast slope, which at a distance we had taken for chalk, was now beheld with wonder, it seeming an immense frozen cascade, the surface wavy as of water, at once fixed, or in its headlong course suddenly petrified. . . . . The hot waters of Hierapolis have produced this most extraordinary phenomenon, which is one entire encrustation."—Vide pp. 299, 230, *Chand. Tr. Asia Min.*

served for the purification of its streets, but its stagnation only added to their filth. We, as usual, rode to the Karavan Serai, and prepared our accommodations for the night.

It was still duskish, and as we were discussing our supper of baked lamb and coffee, we observed a miserable-looking Turk prowling about the court-yard of the khan, and evidently keeping a look-out upon us; we were rather suspicious of his intentions at first, but were quickly undeceived, when, after the last few loiterers in the Karavan Serai had lain down to sleep, or retired to the town, he approached our shed and inquired in good English, but with a Scottish accent, "whether we were Englishmen." On being answered in the affirmative, he expressed his satisfaction; and having cast a cautious look around him, seated himself on the ground beside us, and gave the following particulars of his story.

His name was Angus Mac Donnell; he was born in Glasgow, and had been now upwards of

five years in Turkey, during three of which, since his abjuration of Christianity and his adoption of Islamism, he had been existing in a state of the most abject poverty and hardship, in the midst of privations and apprehension. He had been a seaman on board one of His Majesty's vessels, from which the harsh treatment of some of his superior officers induced him to desert, whilst taking on board fresh water in the offings of Vourla. He returned to Smyrna, and had for a considerable time obtained employment in the stores of a Frank merchant under a feigned name, till, through the persuasions of a renegade in the service of the Pacha, he resolved on becoming a Mahometan in order to further his views of advancement.

He accordingly gave notice to the Mufti at the mosque, and having in due form trampled upon the Cross and denied his Saviour, he underwent the usual formalities, and was, under the new name of Hussein, admitted into

the bosom of Islamism. The change had not proved advantageous; but the unfortunate wretch seemed merely to regret that his apostasy had entailed on him the contempt of his most efficient friends the Europeans, without in any degree recommending him to the kindness of the Osmanlees. Instead of the lucrative post he had enjoyed in anticipation, he was forced to drudge from one menial occupation to another, an object of disgust and abhorrence to his former friends, and of suspicion and contempt to his adopted co-religionists.

He had, at length, hired himself as an attendant on the horses, to a traveller from Smyrna to Konia, about eighteen months back; but as the unfortunate gentleman was murdered by the Turcomans between Allah-shehr and Mount Tmolus, Hussein found himself again adrift, and, having made his way hither, he had remained till the present in the employment of the shepherds, or as a labourer obtaining merely a wretched subsistence, and, as he said, point-

ing to his filthy rags, without either comfort, clothes, or money.

In addition to his more tangible misery, he had to undergo the hourly tauntings of the peasantry on his former infidelity; and when their insults had spurred him to exasperation, his expressions of wrath had been construed into longings for a return to his abandoned faith; so that, although his almost sole dependency for support was on the gratuity of the caravans, he dared only to approach his Frank benefactors by stealth and privacy, lest his detected intercourse should draw down on him the chastisement of his associates.

Totally disgusted with the loathsome indifference with which he spoke of his apostasy, and the reckless brutality of his manner and conversation, we were glad to rid ourselves of his presence by granting him the few piastres for which he servilely entreated; but were again annoyed by his return in about an hour, beastly intoxicated with Raki, and renewing

his solicitations for money, till well trounced and dragged beyond the gates of the khan, by attendants of the Karavan Serai.

We had resolved on starting early the following morning for Allah-shehr, the modern Philadelphia, but our departure was expedited by a rather unceremonious disturbance. On lying down to sleep, we had piled our luggage and canteens around us, as well for the purpose of sheltering us from the wind, as for a specious protection against intrusion; about two hours before sunrise we were aroused by the fall of some of the uppermost packages, which came rattling about us: we immediately started up, but were for a few minutes almost unable to keep our feet, during a second tremulous shock of the earthquake which had alarmed us. All the travellers in the Karavan Serai instantly hurried out to the court-yard, and a scene of the most ludicrous, though at the same time fearful confusion, ensued, whilst each terrified individual was seeking to secure the safety of his per-

son or property; but as the motion was not again repeated, their panic quickly subsided.

A circumstance of this kind need hardly have been unexpected in any quarter of Asia Minor; but we were now in a district of Lydia, which from its liability to convulsions of this nature, and its frequent destruction by the action of subterraneous fires, has obtained the appellation of Kata-ke-kaumène, or "the flame destroyed." Day was nearly breaking ere the requisite discussion of the various feelings of our fellow-travellers had ceased; and as we did not feel inclined to tempt again such treacherous repose, we ordered our horses, and having given two piastres (the usual gratuity) to the guardian of the khan, we again set out on our march, as the broad disc of the morning sun was swelling above the heights of Messogis.

The district through which we travelled during the entire course of the day continued highly cultivated, and gracefully shaped; secluded hamlets seated in the most romantic or

delightful retreats ; hills dotted with countless herds of snowy sheep; and glens traversed by babbling streamlets, whose banks were overarched by the hanging branches of myrtles and lentiscus. Hundreds of green glittering lizards lay upon the rocks luxuriating in the sunbeams, and birds of the most brilliant plumage were perched upon the branches of the olives and wild fig-trees.

About noon we passed close by an encampment of Turcomans, by whom this district, and indeed almost all the secluded or inland portions of Asia Minor, are annoyingly infested. Without houses or permanent homes, and possessing all the wandering habits of the Arab, they seem to have inherited his predatory and savage propensities, without any combination of his hospitality and distinguishing virtues. The figure of the Turcoman retains all the dull and ungraceful traits of his Tartar origin ; and his habits of sloth and cruelty render him at once an object of disgust and apprehension to

his peaceable and industrious neighbours. His sole ostensible occupation is the breeding of horses for the service of the adjoining Pachalics; whilst, by a singular reversion of taste, his own beasts of burden are his cows and oxen, and his chief diet the flesh of his superannuated horses. Though by no means to be identified with them, the habits of the Turcomans of the present day are precisely those of the wandering hordes of Kedar as described in the books of Old Testament, and their *black* tents would fully suit the simile of Solomon, "I am *black* but comely, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon." (Sol. Song, c. i. v. 5.) Whilst their pastoral traffic is in every respect that adverted to by Ezekiel in his denunciations of destruction against Tyre: "Arabia, and all the princes of Kedar they occupied with thee in lambs and rams and goats; in these were they thy merchants, (Ezek. xxvii. 21.) The whole tribe are the most tasteful connoisseurs in arms and sabre blades; and an ill-clad

wretch of whom our servant (to bespeak civility) asked some unimportant question, wore a handjar, whose hilt was ornamented with a jewel of no ordinary size and brilliancy.

Like the other individual churches of the sacred Heptarchy of the Apocalypse, the ancient history of Philadelphia, down to the conclusion of the thirteenth century, is contained in a series of devastating wars and ruinous vicissitudes, though its opposition to the establishment of the Ottoman empire was more firm and energetic than that of almost any of its contemporaries.* But its final political overthrow was completed by its surrender to Bajazet in 1391, when the exhaustion of their pro-

* At a distance from the sea, forgotten by the emperors, encompassed on all sides by the Turks, her (Philadelphia's) valiant citizens defended their religion and freedom above fourscore years, and at length capitulated with the proudest of the Ottomans. Among the colonies and churches of Asia, Philadelphia is still erect, a column in a scene of ruins, a pleasing example that the paths of honour and safety may sometimes be the same.—*Gibbon*, vol. xi. pp. 437, 438.

visions obliged the garrison to succumb to the conqueror. Subsequent oppression has diminished its impoverished population, and left it, in the widowhood of its greatness, a prey to the overthrow of earthquakes, and the unrestored dilapidations of time.

In spite, however, of the conspiring efforts of her natural and political enemies, Philadelphia still survives, and when all her sister cities have crumbled to decay, she alone remains, "whether saved by prophecy or by courage;"* long lines of her shattered walls still stretch along her sloping hills, and the remnants of her Christian temples rise amidst the waving olive-groves which surround the modern representative of the sixth seminary of Christianity. Her situation has still many charms to interest her visitor; her widely-scattered buildings, spreading over an eminence at the base of Mount Tmolus, are thrown into the most picturesque points of view, to which her

* Gibbon, ibid.

minarets and cypresses give the usual characteristics of Orientalism, whilst the remnants of her churches, and her associations with time and history, confer on her an interest beyond the power of modern incident or adornment to bestow.*

The number of Christian inhabitants may probably amount to one or two thousand, whose language, however, is chiefly Turkish, though divine service is performed in their original tongue. This superabundant community, and the existence of upwards of twenty churches

* About one mile westward of the city there still exists a portion of the wall once fabled and still believed to have been built by Bajazet Ilderim, with the bones of a Christian community, whom he massacred whilst engaged in the celebration of their worship in an adjoining church, dedicated to St. John. The first glance of the material used in this erection (which has obtained the name of "Philadelphian stone") would seem to countenance the tradition; but on a closer examination it proves to be portions of extraneous substances, principally vegetable, cemented into a congeries, by a calcareous deposit, similar to that at Knaresborough and other parts of England.

in the city, have rendered Philadelphia the residence of an Archbishop in preference to Sardis and Laodicea, both which are included in his diocese. The waters of the river Cogamus, on which the town is built, though now dwindled to a mere brook, still retain their distinguishing qualities so admirably adapted for dyeing; and the tints of the cottons manufactured in Allah-Shehr are esteemed superior to those of any other quarter of the Levant. From their distance from the more frequented portions of Asia, the inhabitants of the city are less impregnated with the vices of society than their commercial neighbours, and the produce of their pastoral pursuits is only augmented by the barter of their trifling manufactures for more luxurious wares, with the caravans which traverse their city on their periodical visits to Iconium and Smyrna.

On our arrival, after enjoying the luxury of an excellent bath in one of the principal streets, we took up our lodgings in a miserable khan;

and Spiro procured for our supper a quarter of one of the country's sheep, which, with a few additions, afforded an ample repast for the whole party. The following morning, ere starting for Sardis, we attended early service in the episcopal church, the largest edifice of the kind in the city.

Its walls were profusely decorated with the paltry paintings, for which the stupidity of the Ikonoclasts has sacrificed all the graces of ancient sculpture, their sottish superstition permitting them to adore the daubings of paint and canvass, whilst they reject the graces of the speaking marble. Smirking madonnas smiled benignantly on the swathed package on their laps, from which protruded the gloried brow of the infant Godhead. St. George, on a charger which might rank with the most ponderous of Meux's carters, valorously slew for the thousandth time his writhing dragon, surrounded by the applauding looks of St. Nicholas and a legion of others, whose crimson countenances

shone brilliantly on the gilded grounds on which they were emblazoned. The doors of the sacred gate, which in the Greek churches separates the audience from the sanctuary, were covered with plates of embossed silver and pannels of gaudy workmanship; and from behind these resounded in full cry the nasal notes of the bishop and his choristers, in a strain sufficiently barbarous to correspond with the decorations of his temple.

After breakfasting in a comfortable *caffé*, we remounted our steeds, and riding along gardens, on whose walls and trees were perched myriads of storks and pigeons, we regained the sandy plain, and took the path to Sardis, or Sart, about thirty miles distant to the westward. As the road lay along a continuous level plain, we gained ground rapidly in spite of the numerous streams which we were forced to pass, and reached Sardis early in the afternoon, having made no delay except halting about

mid-day to dine and repose in the shade near a fountain.

The scenery in this part of the route was equally interesting with that of the day before: on one hand the towering and often snow-crowned heights of Mount Tmolus were glittering in the sunshine, and on the other the fair level plain stretched away, far as the eye could reach, towards the course of the Hermus. We left numerous villages behind us, but none of any particular moment, save the little modern hamlet of Tartar Keuy, which has sprung up within the last twenty years, at about three miles distance from the wreck of Sardis, the remnants of its Christian population having retired hither to seek protection for themselves, and a refuge for the unmolested exercise of their persecuted faith, from which they had been unceasingly prohibited by the tyranny of Kara Osman, or Karasman Oglou.* The little

* Lately one of the richest landed proprietors of Turkey,

community now consists of about one hundred members, who maintain for themselves a priest, and contrive to keep in repair the unadorned walls of their primitive church.

The melancholy city afforded us no other accommodation than the shelter of a mud-wall hut, on the floor of which we spread our carpet, stowed away our luggage, and leaving it

and governor of the neighbouring district of Magnesia, of which the family have through many generations contrived, by powerful bribes, to retain the Agalic. Mr. Hope, in his Anastasius, (vol. iii. p. 5.) declares him able to "bring into the field 20,000 sturdy horsemen, as well mounted as armed, for the defence of the empire—or his own:" and Lord Byron thus characterises him in "The Bride of Abydos:"

Another and a braver man
Was never seen in battle's van,
We Moslems reck not much of blood,
But yet the line of Karasman
Unchanged, unchangeable hath stood
First of the bold Timariot bands
That won and well can keep their lands.
—Enough that he who comes to woo
Is kinsman to the Bey Oglou!

Canto 1, *Stanza* vii.

to the care of Spiro, sauntered out to view the ruins of Sardis. A great portion of the ground once occupied by the imperial city is now a smooth grassy plain, browsed over by the sheep of the peasantry, or trodden by the camels of the caravan. An ordinary mosque rears its domes amidst the low dingy dwellings of the modern Sardians; and all that remains to point out the site of its glory are a few disjointed pillars and the crumbling rock of the Acropolis.

The first emotion on viewing these miserable relics is, to inquire, "Can this be Sardis?" Occasionally, the time-worn capital of a ponderous column, or the sculptured surface of a shattered marble, appear rising above the weeds that overshadow them, incongruous masses of overthrown edifices are uncovered by the plough, or the storied inscription of some hero's tale is traced upon the slab imbedded in the mud of the cottage-wall; but Sardis possesses no remains to gladden the prying eye of the traveller, and no comforts to requite his toilsome

wanderings in their search. The walls of its fortress, that bade defiance to the successive arms of Cyrus, Alexander, and the Goths, are now almost level with the surface of the cliff on which they were once proudly reared; the vestiges of the palace of the Lydian kings are too confused to suggest the slightest idea of its form or extent; and the area of the amphitheatre is silent as the voiceless grave.

About sunset a caravan approached the city from the west; it was composed of a confused team of mules and camels, attended by a crowd of Jews, Greeks, and Armenians: they halted for a short time to refresh their cattle and themselves, and then set out for a halting-place on the road to Allah-Shehr. Their bustle and tumult for a while enlivened the scene; but when they had again hurried on their march, when the last straggling servant of the troop had fallen into the long line of his companions, and the dust of their course grew dim in the distance, the scene resumed its air of solitude,

the lazy serfs retired to their abodes of misery, and we walked onwards to survey the ruins of the temple of Cybele.

These are situated in a small plain on the banks of the Pactolus, at a very short distance from the village; and, though deeply imbedded in the accumulating soil, present an interesting object to the visitor: two lonely but gigantic columns, and a slight portion of the frieze, are all that is standing; but these, and the massive fragments strewn around them, serve to indicate the ponderous dimensions of the entire. Their architecture, which is of the purest Ionic, is generally attributed to the kings of the Lydian dynasty; but the temple now presents a field for the scientific explorer, rather than a satisfactory object for the picturesque visitant. In us it excited more melancholy than interest; and having proposed to set out early for the Lake Gygæa and the Barrows of Halyattys, we returned to our miserable quarters. We found Spiro busily employed in preparing our

dinner: he had purchased a kid, which he dissected so as to preserve the shoulders and solid pieces entire, and the remainder he cut up for pottage. The miserable city contained no public oven, so common in all Oriental towns, and so often referred to in the Bible: but the owner of the hut in which we were lodged supplied him with a substitute; this was a large hollow cone of clay, which he immediately filled with dried herbs, sticks, and grass; and when it was sufficiently heated, he inverted it over the meat, taking care to keep up a moderate heat around it. The other dish he compounded of the chopped kid, onions, oil, and cucumbers; and, stewing all together, produced really a very savoury mess. This being concluded, and having settled our arrangements for the night, we lay down to rest.

To sleep, however, was impossible: our earthen lamp was scarcely extinguished when there issued from every quarter such a swarm of vermin as would have defied the efforts of

Morpheus himself: it afforded no relief to turn from side to side and fly from one expedient to another; the room was fizzing with musquitoes, and the ground absolutely animate with bugs and other tormenting insects. Through the chinks of the door, however, I could descry the brilliant light of the moon streaming in upon us; and rising I wrapped my cloak around me, and hurried out to enjoy an hour's respite in the calm air of midnight.

It would be vain to attempt a description of the splendid scenery of Oriental moonlight. The sky is not, as with us, an ebon concave gemmed with brilliants, but one calm expanse of saddened blue, so soft that it seems to blend with the outline of the silvery moon, and so bright as to form a scarcely distinguished contrast with the twinkling stars. Every object was as distinct as in a northern twilight: the snowy summit of the mountain, the long sweep of the valley, and the flashing current of the river. I strolled along towards the banks of

the Pactolus, and seated myself by the side of the half-exhausted stream.

There are few individuals who cannot trace on the map of their memory some moments of overpowering emotion, and some scene which once dwelt upon has become its own painter, and left behind it a memorial which time could not efface. I can readily sympathise with the feelings of him who wept at the base of the Pyramids; nor were my own less powerful on that night when I sat beneath the sky of Asia, to gaze upon the ruins of Sardis from the banks of the golden-sanded Pactolus. Beside me were the cliffs of that Acropolis, which, centuries before, the hardy Median scaled whilst leading on the conquering Persians, whose tents had covered the very spot on which I was reclining. Before me were the vestiges of what had been the palace of the gorgeous Crœsus: within its walls were once congregated the wisest of mankind, Thales, Cleobulus, and So-

lon: it was here that the wretched father mourned alone the mangled corse of his beloved Atys; and it was here that the same humiliated monarch wept at the feet of the Persian boy who wrung from him his kingdom. Far in the distance were the gigantic tumuli of the Lydian monarchs, Candaules, and Halyattys, and Gyges; and around them spread those very plains once trodden by the countless hosts of Xerxes, when hurrying on to find a sepulchre at Marathon.

There were more varied and more vivid remembrances associated with the sight of Sardis than could possibly be attached to any other spot of earth; but all were mingled with a feeling of disgust at the littleness of glory—all, all had passed away! There were before me the fanes of a dead religion, the tombs of forgotten monarchs, and the palm-tree that waved in the banquet-hall of kings: whilst the feeling of desolation was doubly heightened by the

calm sweet sky above me, which, in its unfading brightness, shone as purely now as when it beamed upon the golden dreams of Crœsus.

I was sentimentalizing most luxuriously on this scene of greatness and decay, when, all at once, a huge shaggy mastiff rushed past me at a lightning pace, and, wheeling in his course, returned to make a most unceremonious scrutiny of my person; not finding me, however, to be the individual he was in search of, he again scampered down the bank of the river, whilst I very speedily put myself in motion towards home. I had no doubt of the beast being the property of some neighbouring Turcoman; and, as I had no desire to meet the master on the score of the dog's civility, I was glad to hurry back to my more certain, but less hazardous interviews with the bugs and musquitoes.

The ensuing day, we crossed the Hermus a few miles from the town, and, in about one hour afterwards, reached the stupendous bar

row of Halyattys, which, with about fifty others, of different dimensions, forms the main attraction of the plain of the Hermus. The principal tumulus is about one mile in circumference, though scarcely of a proportionate height.* Its summit, however, commands a splendid prospect of the surrounding plain, the

* One of the barrows on the eminence near the middle, and towards Sardis, is remarkably conspicuous. It is described by Herodotus (lib. 2. l. 92.) as beyond comparison the greatest work in Lydia. It was the monument of Halyattys, the father of Crœsus,—a vast mound of earth heaped on a basement of stones, by three classes of people, of whom one were prostitutes. Halyattys died 562 B. C. Above a century intervened, but the historian relates, that to his time, five stones (οὖροι termini, or stelæ) on which letters were engraved, had remained on the top, recording what each class had performed, and from the measurement it appeared that the greater portion was done by the girls * * * * *. The reader will wonder at the great number of girls who were employed in this work, and will conceive a bad opinion of the morals of the Sardians. The historian relates, it was the custom of the Lydians to permit their daughters to procure their own dowries, deviating in this from the Greek laws which were established among them. Vide *Chandler*, pp. 262, 264.

windings of the river, and the distant hills of Tmolus and Mount Sipylus. Beyond them, on the northern side, is the Lake Gygæa or Coloe, said to have been a work of the Lydians, and prepared as a receptacle for the floods which annually deluge the plain.

We were now to bid adieu to Sardis, and, in fact, to forego a portion of the route we had originally chalked out for ourselves; but though our time would have permitted us to visit the remaining two of the "Seven Churches," we had many superior inducements to dissuade us from the journey. In the first place, the unhalting haste with which we had been posting forward, as well from necessity as apprehension, (and an unwillingness to court exposure, by remaining longer in any one place than was absolutely necessary, during a period when tumults were frequent in every quarter,) had left us pretty well exhausted both in strength and spirits; and besides, we were well aware that beyond the associations of early

Christianity, slight vestiges of which now remain, Pergamos and Thyatira possess few objects of interest, or relics of antiquity; we therefore determined on returning by the shortest road to Smyrna, by Turgutli and the base of Mount Sipylus.

There cannot possibly be placed on record a more striking example of the literal and circumstantial fulfilment of a prophecy, than the instance of the denunciations directed against the Seven apocalyptic Churches. The later events in the history of the world, the predictions of which profess to be contained in the writings of inspiration, are all cloaked in mystery, or couched in language which is impressive from its very obscurity. Here there is no circuitous style of allegory, and no dark forebodings dealt forth through the involutions of mysticism; the words of the prophet are plain, concise, and equally palpable in their enunciation and fulfilment. The accomplishment of some was deferred but

a brief period from the moment of their declaration, whilst the more slow, but equally certain progress of the others is at length completed.

1. As the chief strong-hold of Christianity in the East, and that centre from whence its rays were most brilliantly disseminated, till "all they who dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord Jesus, both Jews and Greeks,"* Ephesus is first addressed by the Evangelist: his *charge* against her is a declension in religious fervour,† and his *threat* in consequence, a total extinction of her ecclesiastical brightness.‡ After a protracted struggle with the sword of Rome and the sophism of the Gnostics, Ephesus at last gave way. The incipient indifference, censured by the warning voice of the Prophet, increased to a total forgetfulness,

* Acts xix. 10.

† Nevertheless I have something against thee, because thou hast left thy first love. Rev. ii. 4.

‡ I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of its place, unless thou repent. Rev. ii. 5.

till at length the threatenings of the apocalypse were fulfilled, and Ephesus sunk with the general overthrow of the Greek empire, in the fourteenth century; preserving no halo of its glory, save the twilight of tradition, and no vestige of Christianity, except the desolated ruins at Ayasalook.*

2. To Smyrna the message of St. John conveys at once a striking instance of the theory I am illustrating, and a powerful lesson to those who would support the shrine of Omnipotence by the arm of impotency, and fancy they can soothe the erring soul by the balm of persecution, and correct its delusions by the persuasions of intolerance. To this church is foretold the approach of tribulation, and poverty,† and suffering, and imprisonment:‡

* Vide p. 128.

† I know thy works, and tribulation and poverty, (but thou art rich) and I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan.

‡ Fear none of these things which thou shalt suffer: behold the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may

whilst the consequence of their endurance is to add permanency to their faith, and to reward their triumphs with the crown of immortality.* Since the first establishment of Christianity at Smyrna, from the murder of Polycarp, down to the massacre of the Grecian Patriarch, and the persecutions of to-day, the history of Smyrna presents but one continued tale of bloodshed and religious barbarity; the sabre of the Ottoman promptly succeeding to the glaive of the Roman, in firm, but bootless attempts, to overthrow the faith of "the Nazarene;" but centuries of oppression have rolled over her in vain, and at this moment, with a Christian population of fourteen thousand inhabitants, Smyrna still exists, not only as the chief hold of Christianity in the East, but the head-quarters from

be tried, and ye shall have tribulation ten days. Rev. ii. 9, 10.

* Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. Rev. ii. 10.

whence the successors of the Apostles, in imitation of *their* exertions, are daily replanting in Asia those seeds of Christianity which they were the first to disseminate, but which have long since perished during the winter of oppression and barbarism.

This fact is the more remarkable, since Smyrna is the only community to which persecution has been foretold, though to others a political existence has been promised. It would seem, however, that in *their* case, ease and tranquillity had produced apathy and decay; whilst, like the humble plant which rises most luxuriantly towards heaven the more closely it is pressed and trodden on, the church of Smyrna, in common with the persecuted tribes of every age and of every clime, has gained strength from each attack of its opposers, and triumphs to-day in its rising splendour, whilst the sun of its oppressors is quickly gliding from twilight to oblivion.

3. Against Pergamos is adduced the charge

of instability;* but to its wavering faith is promised the all-powerful counsel of the deity.† The errors of Balaam and the Nicolaitanes have been purged away; Pergamos has been preserved from the destroyer, and three thousand Christians now cherish the rites of their religion in the same spot where it was planted by the hands of St. Paul.

4. To Thyatira a similar promise has been made, and a similar result ensued. Amidst a horde of infidels, and far removed from intercourse with Christendom, the remnant still exists, to whom has been promised "the rod of iron" and "the star of the morning."‡

5. But by far the most remarkable is the catastrophe of Sardis; and the minuteness with which its downfal corresponds with its prediction cannot fail to strike the most obdurate

* Vide Rev. ii. 14, 15.

† I will come unto thee quickly, and will fight against them with the sword of my mouth. Idem, 16.

‡ Vide Rev. ii. 26, 27, 28.

sceptic. A lengthened accusation of formality in doctrine, and the outward show of religion without its fervour, leads to the announcement. "I will come on thee as a thief in the night; thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee:" but "thou hast a *few* names even in Sardis who have not defiled their garments, and *they* shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy." *

It is needless to trace the gradual decay of Sardis. Once the capital not only of Lydia but of Asia Minor, its boasted pre-eminence intellectually and politically gave the first impulse to its decline. I am not sufficiently versed in theological lore to trace the gradations of its fall; but its overthrow came, "like a thief in the night," during that *earthquake*, which, in the reign of Tiberius, levelled its proudest compeers with the dust. It did certainly undergo a temporary and sickly recovery; but it was only to relapse into a more slow but equally

* Rev. iii. 3, 4.

fatal debasement; and the modern Sart scarcely merits to be called the *dust* of Sardis. So far for the first clause of the prophecy; and the second is not less striking, if we may consider the little church of Tartar Keuy* as that remnant "who should walk in white." Such literal instances are seldom to be paralleled.

6. Philadelphia is the only one of the Seven Churches on whom unqualified praise has been bestowed, and to whom a permanent endurance is foretold.† Both its physical and political situation would seem to conspire in counteracting the fulfilment of the prediction; earthquakes and subterraneous convulsions on the one hand, and wars and ruinous invasions on the other; but it still endures, despite of both, and its community, though not the most numerous, is by far the *purest* in Asia.

* Vide p. 199.

† Thou hast a little strength, thou hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name. Rev. iii. 8.

Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out. Ib. 12.

7. I have already alluded to Laodicea:* its crime was pride, its punishment desolation. The threatening is accomplished; it now stands rejected of God and deserted by man, its glory a ruin, its name a reproach!

About mid-day we turned our back upon Sardis, and, pursuing the route to Turgutli, recrossed the broad and turbulent stream of Hermus, and regained the plain. The current of the river was brown and muddy, probably occasioned by the late rains; but the quantities of mica, and other laminated matter contained in the soil and sand of its banks, frequently formed a glittering object when struck by the sunbeams. The splendour of the latter has probably given rise to the idea of its being "golden sanded," like the Pactolus; whilst this, contrasted with the impurity of its waters, forms the combination alluded to by Martial:

Non illi satis est turbato sordidus auro
Hermus—— *L.* viii. *ep.* 77.

* Vide page 177.

After passing by numerous green barrows which occasionally occur in traversing the plain, together with numerous plantations of vines, olives, and cotton, we arrived at Turgutli about sunset. It is a modern town, more generally known by the name of Cassaba, (which is, in fact, an ordinary appellation for any Turkish village,) and contained nothing very striking except its more than ordinary filth; the rivulets which traverse it in several directions serving as sinks and receptacles for all manner of uncleanness, instead of contributing to the thorough purification of its streets. Lying in the direct course of the caravans, it is an extraordinary thoroughfare for merchants, who are likewise attracted by the quality of the cotton produced in its vicinity, immense quantities of which are annually forwarded to Smyrna.

The cause of the utter absence of neatness or cleanliness in Turkish towns may in a great degree be traced to the want of wheel carriages. At present the sure foot of the camel or the

mule can traverse the most irregular causeway with security; and, consequently, the dilapidated passages need no repairing, and the contented apathy of the Moslemin will endure any annoyance externally which does not interfere with his domestic ease and slothful luxury.

The same circumstance gives another characteristic to Oriental towns,—their unbroken silence. During the day no noise disturbs the calm repose of a Turkish chamber: and at morning and sunset, the single voice of the Muezzin is distinctly heard in the utmost extremity of the city. We spent the night in a miserable khan, and the following morning were again on horseback for Magnesia, which we reached about four o'clock in the evening, after crossing some tributary streams of the Hermus, and winding beneath the precipitous cliffs of Mount Sipylus, on the northern side of which the town is built. It is still one of the most beautiful cities of Turkey, combining with all the graces of Eastern architecture and plant-

ings, a splendour of situation almost unrivalled. Though of extreme antiquity,* no remains of interest are now to be found, with the exception of a few columns inserted in the clumsy walls of modern edifices; and the most agreeable associations of its name are those connected with Amurath the Second, to whose munificence Magnesia is indebted for the greater number of its buildings. Having retired hither on his abandonment of his kingdom in the fifteenth century, he devoted the remaining portion of his life and fortunes to the establishment of the city; and two superb mosques,† an hospital, and an asylum for lunatics, attest his munifi-

* This city is frequently confounded with Magnesia at the Meander, which was allotted to Themistocles. Livy, however, accurately marks the distinction. Book xxxvii. chap. 37, "circa *Magnesiam quæ ad Sipylum* est castra posuit," &c. and in the same book, at the 44th chap. he mentions, "a Magnesia quæ ad Meandrum est, et ab Epheso legati, ad dedendas urbes venerunt." &c.

† Mosques of royal foundation are distinguished by two or more minarets, whilst those of ordinary erection possess but one.

cence. It likewise contains the monuments of his wives and children, though his own bones rest at Adrianople, where he expired of a broken heart in 1451. The width of its streets and the whiteness of its buildings, the number of its minarets and the beauty of its prospects, render it altogether the handsomest city of the Levant. A fortress, formerly of vast extent, but now in total ruin, is seated upon a craggy and, in some places, almost perpendicular cliff, which was once celebrated for producing "magnets," from whence, according to Lucretius, they derive their name:

> ——— Lapis hic ut ferrum ducere possit
> Quem *magneta* vocant patrio de nomine Graii
> Magnetum quia sit, patriis in finibus ortus.
>
> Lib. vi. v. 608.

The rock seems still to contain some portions of iron, and from experiments made by Chishull would seem to be composed of strongly magnetic powers,* and the optical phenomenon which

* This hint gave us the curiosity to carry a sea compass up the hill, when we had the satisfaction to see it point to dif-

gave rise to the story of the transformation of Niobe is still extant at Mount Sipylus.

She was changed to stone by Apollo and Diana, for presuming, in her proud affection for her children, to prefer herself to Latona. The existence of her petrified figure on Mount Sipylus is thus narrated by Homer. (Il. ω. line 614.)

Νῦν δέ που ἐν πέτρῃσιν, ἐν οὔρεσιν οἰνοπόλοισιν
Ἐν Σιπύλῳ, ἔθι φασὶ θεάων ἔμμεναι εὐνὰς
Νυμφάων, αἵτ' ἀμφ' Ἀχελῷϊον ἐρρώσαντο,
Ἔνθα, λίθος περ ἐοῦσα θεῶν ἐκ κήδεα πέσσει.

On this passage the Scholia usually attributed to Didymus have the following remark. Θρηνοῦσαν οὖν τὴν Νιόβην ἀφάτως, τὸ τοιοῦτον δυστύχημα Ζεὺς ἐλεήσας εἰς λίθον μετέβαλεν, ὅς καὶ μέχρι νῦν ἐν Σιπύλῳ τῆς Φρυγίας, ὁρᾶται παρὰ πάντων πηγὰς δακρύων προιέμενος. And Pausanias Attic.

ferent quarters as we then placed it upon different stones, and quickly after entirely to lose its whole virtue,—two effects which are natural to the magnetic needle when injured by the nearness of other bodies impregnated with the same quality.—*Chishull*, page 10.

lib. i. cap. 21, says, that he has actually *seen* the figure. Ταύτην τὴν Νιόβην καὶ αὐτὸς εἶδον ἀνελθὼν ἐς τὸν Σίπυλον τὸ ὄρος. Ἥδε πλησίον μὲν πέτρα καὶ κρεμνός ἐστιν, οὐδὲν παρόντι σχῆμα παρεχόμενος γυναικὸς, οὔτε ἄλλως, οὔτε πενθούσης· εἰ δέ γε ποῤῥωτέρω γένοιο δεδακρυμένην ἂν ὄψεις ὀρᾷν καὶ κατηφῆ γυναῖκα.

Mr. Chishull, who visited Magnesia, in 1698, mentions that he, too, saw the phenomenon. "Designing from hence," says he, (p. 12) "for Durguthli, we continue our journey under the foot of Sipylus, which, about two hours from the city, ends in a stupendous precipice, consisting of a naked massy stone, and rising perpendicularly about a furlong high. It was not a little surprising, as we rode along under the foot of this hill, to observe a certain cliff of the rock representing an exact niche and statue, with the due shape and proportion of an human body; for Sipylus being the seat of the transformation of the unhappy Niobe, there was ground for imagining that we had either met

with her statue, or with that which was the first occasion of the fable," &c. &c. Chishull goes on to suppose it a work of art, but a more scientific and natural explanation is afforded by Dr. Chandler, who passed over the same route some sixty or seventy years after him. "*The phantom*," says the Dr. "*may be defined an effect of a certain portion of light and shade, on a part of Sipylus perceivable at a particular point of view.* The traveller who shall visit Magnesia after this information, is requested to observe carefully a steep and remarkable cliff, about a mile from the town, varying his distance while the sun and shade, which come gradually on, pass over it,—I have reason to believe he will see Niobe."

May there not be the same combination of optical phenomena in this instance, as in that which produces the spectre of the Broken in Germany? The origin of the sublime reply of Zebul to Gaal may likewise be referred to the same cause. "And when Gaal saw the people,

he said unto Zebul, Behold there come people down from the top of the mountains; and Zebul said unto him, Thou seest the shadows of the mountains as if they were men." (Judges, ix. v. 36.)

Having passed the night in a Karavan Serai, we set out for Smyrna the following morning with the party of Mr. Thomson, an English gentleman, returning from Bergamo and Aivali, who had joined us the night before. After leaving the plain of the Hermus to the right, we commenced the ascent of Mount Sipylus, the summit of which we attained about noon; a rapid descent now brought us to the village and plain of Hadjilar; in two hours from which we again reached Smyrna, hailed the British flag which floated above our Consulate, and took possession of our quarters at the locanda on the beach.

LETTER VII.

Omnia quæ nunc vetustissima creduntur nova fuere, et quod hodie exempla tuemur inter exempla erit. *Tacitus.*

PHOCŒA, PATMOS, SIME, &c.

Affected exterior poverty of the SMYRNIOT GREEKS.—Turkish love of Comfort.—Treatment of their Women.—Beauty of Turkish Women.—STORY OF A TURKISH LADY AT NAPOLI DI ROMANIA.—Opinion of Dr. Clarke of Smyrna.—M. Fauvel, the former French Consul at Athens.—A Turkish Regiment.—Punishment for passing forged Money.—Fête on board THE CAMBRIAN.—Manufactory of base Money at Hydra and Spezzia (note).—Diplomatic Phrases of a Consul.—An Emir.

THE accounts which we are accustomed to hear in Europe of the luxury and commercial wealth of the Smyrniots, would scarcely ap-

pear credible, were we to connect them with the external poverty of their dwellings, so universal throughout their city, as well in the residences of the Greeks as the Moslemin. The tottering staircase which leads to the most gorgeous apartments, is often approached through a stable, into which the ground-floor of the mansion has been converted; and mud-walled houses, supported by transverse beams of timber, not unfrequently inclose chambers, whose gilded cornices, carved ceilings, tinted windows, and splendid furniture, realize all we have read of Oriental grandeur.

But beneath this sordid exterior, the assiduous merchant is forced, by the galling despotism of his capricious masters, to conceal the produce of his toils, and to enjoy, in anxious privacy, the dearly-purchased fruits of sedulous industry. From the influence of such oppression, selfishness becomes a leading trait of national character: the slave soon finds that

the circle of his own home must be the orbit of the world to him; all beyond it are but tyrants or betrayers; his happiness is secure only while it blooms, like the flower of the desert, unknown and unenvied; and concealed possession is his only security for his wealth, in a land where rapacity has rendered "mine" and "thine" at best but words of dubious import, which become synonymous on the slightest contact with a rival or a ruler.

With the Turks we had but little domestic intercourse; but when we were admitted to their houses, which was merely upon two occasions, our reception varied in no degree from that to which we had been accustomed throughout the Levant, saving once, when the pipe with which we were presented, was the cool narghilè, (in which the smoke passes through a vase of water,) instead of the amber-mouthed chibouquè; and on all occasions the salver containing coffee and sweetmeats was handed round by an Arab or a Nubian slave, in lieu

of the female, by whom we had been waited on when visiting a house in the Archipelago.

The disregard for external show, farther than a splendid personal appearance, and the total want of public amusement, serve to render the life of a Turk much more domestically happy than might be anticipated from the obvious blank in society occasioned by the degraded education and servile habits of the female members of his family. The greater portion of his life being spent within his own apartments, and his enjoyments at once emanating from and centering in his home, that attention is solely devoted to the culture of private comfort, which, under any other state of society, would be wasted on public ostentation.

My opportunities of observation were by far too confined to judge of the truth or falsehood of those reports which alternately condemn and palliate the conduct of the Moslemin with regard to their women; but one fact I have had frequent occasion to remark whilst exploring

the modern ruins of Tripolizza, Athens, and Napoli di Romania, that in all the deserted Turkish houses, the haram and other quarters for the residence of the women, were invariably the most sumptuous in their decorations, whilst the remaining apartments were fitted up in ordinary style, but slight attention, comparatively speaking, being paid to the comforts or convenience of the men. This, however, is a point on which it must require a very long and intimate acquaintance with the country to furnish data for a decided opinion: as there are very few Europeans indeed who ever catch a casual glance of the features of a Turkish female, much less have an opportunity of observing her domestic usages; and our only conjectures must therefore be from superficial hints.

As to their confinement to their own apartments, I should think the discipline cannot be severe, as crowds of them are to be daily encountered in the bazaars, where their chattering and mirth give but slight indication

of melancholy or restraint. Beyond this, all means of information must be slight and unsatisfactory.

As to their general personal appearance, we could form no idea, their faces being invariably covered with crape, two apertures in which are made for their eyes, and their figures loosely enveloped in their ungraceful garments, so as to conceal every trace either of awkwardness or symmetry. In the Morea I had frequently seen some of those wretched beings who had been carried off from the towns which had fallen into the hands of the Greeks, and were merely rescued from massacre to be reserved for infamy; but amongst these I never saw a Turkish lady who had any pretensions to beauty, with, perhaps, one solitary exception, which occurred in Napoli di Romania.

I was returning one evening to my quarters, when, in one of the most populous streets, I met a mob of boys and a few barbarous soldiers, who were following the steps of one of

the most melancholy but majestic females I have ever seen. She was much above the common stature, and her dress, though plain, was gracefully arranged. On enquiry, I found that she was the wife of a Turkish Effendi, who had formerly resided within about a mile of Napoli, but had fallen beneath the knives of the insurgents two years before. She had been rescued by the singular being who lately filled the office of Minister of the Interior, Pappa Flescia, and had resided with her child in his family up to the present time. Two days before, however, she had learned that her unfortunate protector had been killed by the troops of Ibrahim Pacha whilst besieging the town of Arcadia on the Western coast; and, conscious that her asylum was no longer secure, she made her escape by the gates, and flew to conceal herself amidst the grass-grown remains of what had been her residence in happier days. A monk, however, who had the guardianship of an adjoining chapel, had already taken up

his abode in its desolated chambers; and, impatient of any intruder, he drove her out even from the *ruins* of her home.

Aware that the country could afford her neither concealment nor subsistence, she was again obliged to return to the city, and cast herself upon the mercy of her enemies. She entered that gate, homeless and forlorn, which she had once been wont to pass amidst downcast eyes and bending turbans. Her appearance soon attracted notice, and collected round her the brutal mob which I have mentioned. She passed along, however, as if unmindful of her woes: in one hand she held the arm of her terrified child, and the other was gracefully bent across her breast, whilst her large dark eyes were sadly turned on Heaven, nor once bent upon the crowd around her. She moved along with the step of a Juno, whilst the indignities of her tormentors proceeded from words to screams, and flinging dust upon her person.

At length, overcome with apprehension and fatigue, she seated herself by the door of a ruined mosque, apparently in all the calm abstraction of despair. At that moment a member of the Senate, Tricoupi, I think, came up, and perceiving the inhumanity of the crowd, immediately remonstrated with them on their self-debasement, and giving her his arm, accompanied her to his own house; from whence I understood she was afterwards conveyed in an English vessel to her friends at Smyrna.

She was beyond comparison the most elegant female of her nation I have ever seen; and I have reason to think such beauty by no means usual in Turkey. In fact, Dr. Clarke, an intelligent Scotch physician, resident at Smyrna, and highly in repute from his knowledge of the epidemics peculiar to the Levant, informed me, that though in the habit of being called in to visit the families of the most wealthy of the Turkish residents,

he had never, in the course of several years' constant practice, seen more than six or seven ladies, who could at all compare with the average of English beauty.

A few days before our departure from Smyrna, Mr. B——, an English merchant, and possessor of a valuable collection of antiques, did us the honour of an introduction to M. Fauvel, the French Consul of Athens, so honourably alluded to by Lord Byron;* a gentleman no less distinguished by his valuable archæological discoveries than by the efficient and often gratefully-acknowledged services which he has had it in his power to render to artists visiting Attica.

At the commencement of the Greek Revolution, Mons. F—— had been forty years resident at Athens, when that event compelled him to abandon his home, and leave behind him a collection of antiquities which had been the accumulation of a life-time, and which

* See Notes to "Childe Harold," Canto II.

have been now, most probably, destroyed by the carelessness of the Greeks or the barbarity of their besiegers. His mind, however, is still lingering in its accustomed habits, and his hands are busied in their wonted occupation; for at the feeble age of eighty-five, he is sedulously employed in the completion of a wax model of the Acropolis, the city, and its environs, which will be as unique in point of design as accurate in execution.

During several visits which we paid him, his only theme was his beloved Athens; and he seemed to enjoy an ecstatic pleasure in sitting for hours together to talk over the days he had spent in poring among its ruins, whilst every creature who had visited the spot, was received by him with the same cordial affection with which a devout Mahommedan looks upon him who has made the sacred pilgrimage to Mecca.

One day, on returning from his house, we were obliged to halt in one of the narrow streets

near the Bazaar, the centre of which was completely blocked up by a team of camels, which had crouched down upon their knees in order to be unloaded by their drivers. Whilst standing in the door of an adjoining bath, a procession passed down another street at a little distance, which, from its uncouth appearance, we were for some time at a loss to account for. It proved, however, to be a Turkish regiment, preceded by a military band. The latter consisted of about half-a-dozen fantastic wretches sounding little kettle drums, which they struck with pieces of some elastic substance, apparently raw hide, or very thick leather, with no other design than to elicit a discordant noise; and as many more, sounding instruments something like clarionets, but without the slightest pretensions to tune, time, or measure in their modulation. The troop had no uniformity of step, dress, or arms, and their straggling gait would have excited a smile from any spectator accustomed to the march of European military.

The street was now cleared of the camels, and we were pursuing our route towards home, when, close by the entrance to the Bazaar, we saw a crowd of children gathered round a man who lay apparently in a most singular position, stretched on his face upon the ground, whilst his head was brought out between his legs behind him. On coming a little nearer, we found it was the body of a Greek, who had been beheaded about an hour before, and his carcase placed as I have described, for a salutary warning to his associates.

He had been detected, along with two others, in an attempt to pass false money in the Bazaar; in which case, with a Giaour, the course of justice is very rapid, as the criminal is decapitated on the spot, without the form, or rather the delay of an investigation. The little urchins, who now stood around him, seemed highly delighted with the spectacle; they kept screaming, and chattering, and touching him with their feet, till one, having smeared the

face of another with a stick dipped in the blood, which was still oozing from the wretch's neck, flew off convulsed with laughter to the Bazaar, where he was followed by the whole party in full cry, who seemed marvellously delighted with the exploit.*

On resolving to leave Smyrna, we engaged a passage to Castelorizo on board a small brig, the Madonna de Tunisa, commanded by a Greek, called Panagies Androcopoulo, and sailing under the Ionian flag. His real destination

* At Hydra and Spezzia there exist regular manufactories of false money to the number of twenty or thirty, not only unprohibited, but absolutely supported by members of the government; the money, consisting of imitations of Spanish dollars, as well as paras and all the coins of the Turkish empire, being disposed of as a fair matter of traffic to the Maltese and Ionians, who carry it to Egypt and Turkey for a second sale or surreptitious circulation by their own agents. The Greeks defend this species of commerce on two grounds; first, that it is always fair to cheat an enemy; and secondly, the pieces circulating freely with them, as false money at a reduced rate, thence become a national coin, which they have every right to strike for their own use.

was Beirout in Syria, and his cargo a quantity of nuts and dried hides, the property of, and consigned to Turkish merchants, there. But as both the vessel and cargo were thus liable to be seized by the Greek cruizers, his papers were made out for Cyprus, and his bills of lading contained merely the names of European factors.

The evening before we sailed we spent at a ball given on board an English Frigate, at which were assembled the greater number of the British residents at Smyrna. The band of the frigate was placed amid-ships. Almost the entire of the crew were, like their gallant commander, Irishmen; and it was rather an exhilarating spectacle to see two or three hundred hardy fellows dancing, (or, as they term it, "footing it;" that is, audibly beating time with their feet, as well as observing the motions of the dance) to the national airs of their country in one of the

loveliest bays of Asia Minor. A few Turks who were on board seemed highly amused with a performance, the robust activity of which so far excelled any exercise to which they had been accustomed, and testified their delight with frequent bursts of most "unoriental laughter."

The ensuing day, having got our bills of health signed, specifying not only our own bodily convalescence, but the temporary freedom from infectious disorders at Smyrna, the Consul furnished us with passports indited with regal pomposity, and commencing with—"We Francis Wherry, &c. &c. &c. Given from under our hand," and so forth. Our vessel was lying in the offing at some distance from the beach. A wretch of most squalid appearance, but whose turban of "sacred green" bespoke him an Emir, and a lineal descendant of the Prophet, carried down our luggage to the marino; and having rewarded the offspring of Mahomet with

a piastre, we pushed off from the shore, and bade farewell to "Izmir the lovely."*

* Izmir, the Turkish name for Smyrna, is (like many others similar) a corruption of "εἰς τὴν Σμυρναν," as Stamboul or Constantinople is "εἰς τὴν πολιν," Negropont, "εἰς τὴν Εὐριπο," (or, as the Greeks pronounce it, Evripo,) &c. &c.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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